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A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

If *Cæsar* can alone wield at the same time *Cæsar's sword* and *Cæsar's pen*,—*Macchiavelli's* double power of tongue and pen is also only for the few. The gift of doing more than one thing well is not lavished on the herd. Alexander spared us commentaries on the war in Asia: (though we may say, in passing, that we could have read with pleasure just now the Macedonian Madman's views on an Indian campaign). Hannibal wrote his story only with his sword, as Attila scorched his with fire. Vere composed his Commentaries in a manly spirit, not unworthy of the great Julius. But what poverty in Marlborough!—what stuff in Frederick! Napoleon might perhaps have written as his great Roman predecessor wrote; his criticism on events being, like his acts, wholly original, terse, brilliant, dashing, and, from his point of sight, true. The diplomatists who have shown powers of writing as well as of negotiation are scarcely more numerous than the soldiers. Against one sparkling *Macchiavelli*—wise and witty, sly and satirical—what strings of dull fellows, French, Italian, Spanish, German, might one not count! Who does not yawn at the mere mention of Guicciardini, Moshamm, Malmsbury, Flassan, Capecigue—historians of platitude and prosiness?

Our noble countryman, the Marquis of Normanby, Knight of the Garter, we grieve to write, has added one more name to the army of martyrs. From his pleasant retreat on the banks of the Arno—where he is said to dispense an eccentric hospitality at the cost of his country—he has undertaken to review the French Revolution of 1848. At the date of that Revolution he was English Ambassador in Paris. Although 39 Rue St-Honoré never fell into the circle of the barricades, yet Lord Normanby could hear from his garden a good deal of firing; and, after Louis-Philippe fled from the Tuileries, he became, from his official position, a close spectator of the new men and the strange events. Of course, he was bound to supply his government at home with daily details of events—including his appreciations of men and his views of policy—and we infer from what is said in these volumes that he supplied them with copious misinformation. For private use, he kept a journal, into which he copied his conversations with Lamartine, Bastide, and Cavaignac. Although the substance of these conversations was despatched to England for the benefit of his ministerial chiefs, the original entries remained on his hands, a sort of ink deposit left by the retreating tide of revolution. The matter, he thought, being merely historical, might be safely given to the public; and, as it would serve to show the world that a certain Excellency played a part in the *Révolution* which no one at the time suspected and no one has ever since found out, the representative of British Majesty at Florence has found time to copy this chapter of revolutionary history, and send it to press.

We will not rail at such a fact. We have already on our shelves some accounts of these events written by MM. Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Caussidière, and others, partizans of Napoleon, of Louis-Philippe, and of the Republic, besides compilations by mere literary hacks without end. By-and-by we shall have M. Guizot's Memoirs. So much the better. Let us look at the Revolution all round, as we

would examine a statue, or a horse, or a charge of murder. We can never understand it too well. In this desire for more light we welcome Lord Normanby's volumes:—would they had been livelier! In the city of *Macchiavelli*, Lord Normanby has formed his style on Guicciardini. His manner is prolix and feeble—his grasp unsure—his periods crawl over his helpless pages. In form a journal, in spirit a blue-book, 'A Year of Revolution' is just the sort of thing to make one dread the name of practical man. Many a reader will be ready to shout before closing the first volume—If this comes of living in the midst of revolutions, in Heaven's name let us go back to the scenery of Thomson's 'Seasons' and the idyllic raptures of *Phillis* and *Corydon*.

But the prosiness of these volumes will be less welcome to those who dwell with contemptuous pleasure on any evidence of incapacity in our titled ranks, than their extraordinary poverty of information. They are dull without being detailed, general without being comprehensive. They omit nearly all the essential facts of the Revolution. They blunder egregiously in the estimate of character. They judge hastily, and condemn dogmatically, everything that is new and beyond ambassadorial etiquette. Lord Normanby sees the Revolution through an opera-glass,—and his point of observation is a drawing-room window. His reflections are puerile. How different all this from the Reports sent home by the Venetian Ambassadors to the Seignory! No one who reads this 'Year of Revolution' can shut his eyes to the fact, that if Lord John Russell had trusted these reports, uncorrected by more prompt and sagacious reading of events in the newspapers, he would have been miserably misinformed. The hurried sketches of the daily papers had infinitely more spirit, power, and insight. Lord Normanby's book gives us no idea of what was taking place, as a whole, in France.

Yet, in spite of this heavy drawback, 'A Year of Revolution' will have the use of all that class of books the writers of which have acted history. Lord Normanby was an ambassador, and the relations of England to the Republic were in his hands. This circumstance set him in daily communication with Lamartine and Cavaignac. The General is gone to his rest—honour to his noble name and Roman virtue! The poet remains with us; but he, too, is gone from the stage of public life—so far, that is to say, as such a writer can retire from public life. We agree with Lord Normanby, that the political acts of both General and Poet are now sufficiently historical to be described and discussed. We are not struck with Lord Normanby's reading of the intellect and character of these great men; but it is curious to see in what colours they were painted to the English Government by a nobleman who received ten thousand a year for the exercise of his sagacity. Lord Normanby says, by way of summary of M. de Lamartine:

"It may often be an advantage, as I believe it will be found here, that the future judgment on the conduct of public men should be assisted by the possession of a record, from no unfriendly pen, of their own statements made at the time by those public men, in explanation, if not in justification, of their acts. I sincerely believe that M. de Lamartine, for instance, will be more favourably judged by the language which it will be here found he at different times used to me, than by what some months later he said for himself, which was certainly, as History, premature, in which stubborn illusions still struggled against daily accumulating contradictions, the logical force of which was made the more apparent by the very candour of his

admissions. Graphic and attractive as that pen had always been in recording the deeds of others, there was an awkwardness, which all his literary skill could not conquer, in dealing with a certain Lamartine in the third person, whose *quasi* identity with the writer was abjured in form, but always recurring to the reader. He could not himself say all that he well deserved should be said of him, and yet he was obliged to say more than perfect taste willingly accepted from himself. Any one else would have felt it his duty to give a more vivid description of the courage, self-devotion, and commanding talents, which, during three days, struggled almost alone to save society from spoliation, anarchy, and bloodshed. No hero ever lost so much by choosing to be his own historian. I had known M. de Lamartine intimately in times long past, amongst the very scenes from which I am now writing, when he, equally with myself, thought more of Belles-Lettres and the Fine Arts than of either making or checking revolution, and the feelings of personal good-will then established were revived from the first moment when political events brought us into daily intercourse. * * The consequence of M. Lamartine's sudden change of policy was inevitable: the weak and divided Government he had insisted upon constructing, went floundering on from one mistake to another, till driven from power as utterly incapable to deal with that insurrection of which their mismanagement had allowed the development; and he who alone had prophesied, and in no small degree had produced, a '*révolution de mépris*,' in spite of his brilliant qualities and invaluable services, fell in undistinguishable obloquy, side by side with those whose acts had produced what was universally felt to be a *réaction de mépris*. There was much injustice in this. The feeling with regard to Lamartine was aggravated by the bitter disappointment of general expectation; but in its extent it was unmerited, and in its exaggerated demonstration ungrateful; no one would look back at what he had done; all was forgotten but what was called his unworthy surrender of the Assembly to Ledru-Rollin. I am glad to think that with those who can find a spare moment to read these memoirs, tardy but deserved justice will be done to his great services; and that the faithful and detailed recital of all that passed between us will leave upon the reader the impression that he was an honest man, of extraordinary abilities, of dauntless personal courage, who, placed in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, deserved well of France and of society; who, at a critical moment, took one false step, which was summarily punished, in precisely the way most painful to a man of such high patriotic aspirations,—by permanent injury to the position his name will occupy in the history of his country."

Equal justice—and equal injustice—is done by the English Ambassador to General Cavaignac. The reader must bear the blue-book roll of the sentences. The matter deserves his notice:—

"With General Cavaignac I had not even the slightest previous acquaintance. The first time I ever saw him, except at a distance in the National Assembly, was at a very early hour on the morrow of the fiercest internecine struggle that had ever defaced the homes and desolated the hearths of the gayest capital in the world. In the midst of the first moments of repose that the General had snatched in his temporary quarters at the hotel of the National Assembly, I was taken by the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Bastide, to express my sense of the inestimable service he had rendered to civilization and humanity. I found the natural satisfaction at having been so highly instrumental in such a cause, struggling against the feeling that within the last few hours had fallen, under his orders, some of the most valued of his former companions in arms. In this insurrection against a democratic Republic of their own recent creation,—with a blank in their banners, for they had no watchword they could avow,—with wholesale murder as their means and spoliation for their object, the *proletaires* of Paris had, during those bloody days, slain more general officers than had often fallen in a pitched battle between mighty empires. The General received with evident satis-

faction the heartfelt congratulations of one who, though unacknowledged and unaccredited, stood before him as the *de facto* representative of a neighbouring state specially interested in the triumph of social order. From that first interview I think I may date the feelings of mutual regard which enabled those who certainly had no previous political sympathy to understand each other through the various complicated and anxious negotiations of the next six months. Upon these I feel that the time is not yet come when I can say one word. Complete reserve is still required, when every step then taken between France and England had necessarily its influence, more or less direct, upon the future of other states. But this much, without alluding to the diplomatic acts of General Cavaignac, I may say, in justice to his personal character, that, very early in our conferences, he came to a complete understanding with me that, in the then state of the world without, and under the still threatening pressure of those social perils, from which he had just saved his country, nothing short of the imperative claims of national honour should induce him to send a French army across the frontiers, which, once there, must inevitably commence a warfare of propagandism. My task for months was to maintain this resolution. I had everything against my success, except the General's stern sense of duty; and I think I may add (as assisting much to maintain the views I urged), the ineffaceable impression made upon his mind by the horrors of June, and the proof he thence derived, that, if at such a moment and on such an errand he once let slip the dogs of war, it would not be so easy to modify or control their destructive instincts. In spite of the assurances of Government officials, always so profusely lavished on the authority of the moment, he felt from the first the prolongation of his power to be doubtful. Yet the maintenance of that power was the only chance for the stability of the Republic to which he was so much attached. It might have been difficult for any extent of anti-republican opinion at that time to displace a successful General, who had just saved society, if actually engaged in extending the influence of France in a foreign war. I am aware that all these considerations were constantly pressed upon him by those to whom he gave his habitual confidence; yet, having once taken his position on the foreign questions of vital interest side by side with England as represented by myself, I never could trace the slightest wavering on his part in his adherence to that which he conceived to be his duty."

The above summary is, perhaps, not very unfair; but we have noticed in the daily entries made by Lord Normanby a disposition to sneer at Cavaignac, as a man of no abilities,—and especially as a man of no military abilities. No sane person will think of defending Cavaignac's genius against the sneers of Lord Normanby: the mere citation of his rise in the African army,—he, a known republican, and detested by Louis-Philippe for his relationship to Godfrey Cavaignac,—will suffice for answer.

These two, however,—Lamartine and Cavaignac—are the only French republicans who are spoken of by the English Ambassador with either common knowledge or common decency. Béranger, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Madame Sand,—the most brilliant illustrations of French genius in our generation,—the names which will be remembered (as Mr. Disraeli once told the country gentlemen who hooted Layard in the House of Commons) when kings and ambassadors, and revolutions are forgotten,—all these are snubbed, denounced, or ignored. Some of them are mere myths—most of them evidently unread. In fact, the Ambassador seemed to think it an impertinence for any man to rise above the crowd who had not previously made his bow at 39 Rue St-Honoré. His inattention, too, to some of the most singular facts of the Revolution is astounding. For example, his ideas as to the history of the celebrated experiment of the Ateliers Nationaux, are extremely vague

and confused,—such as he might have gleaned from the file of a country newspaper. Here is a passage, with a good anecdote to the purpose:—

"In the first days of the Revolution, when Louis Blanc was only made Secretary to the Provisional Government, he had too much good sense not to see the absurdity of his own theories when pushed to excess, and had, as yet, no object in pressing them forward as an engine to undermine with the working classes the popularity of those who are now his colleagues. When first a turbulent deputation, asking for *droit de travail* and *ouvrage assuré*, arrived at the Hôtel-de-Ville, Louis Blanc himself undertook to set them right. 'Eh bien,' he said, with perfect calmness, 'vous êtes ouvrier?'—'Oui, Monsieur,' the first citizen replied, 'je le suis, nous le sommes tous.'—'Venez donc, vous en savez plus que nous, mettez vous à côté de nous et écrivez comment ça se fera.' The man was disconcerted, scratched his head; 'Mais Dame! c'est que je ne sais pas écrire.'—'N'importe, je ferai le secrétaire, ditez, comment voulez-vous que cela se fasse?'—'1^{mo}. Ouvrage assuré pour tout le monde.' 'Bien, c'est écrit.'—'2^{me}. Que l'ouvrage soit payé.' 'Bien!'—'3^{me}. (A long pause.) Mais comment assurer ça?' 'Mais—mais, c'est que je n'en sais rien!' Upon which all his friends and companions began to laugh. And Louis Blanc availed himself of this happy moment to add: 'You see, my friends, it requires some deliberation to arrange all these things. Do you preserve peace and order, which are the best security for work, and leave the rest to us, who have your interests at heart.' Upon which they all dispersed in good humour."

But when the Ateliers Nationaux are established Lord Normanby treats them as the work of Louis Blanc. This we know was the common belief in London society during the early days of the Revolution: a belief which might probably be traced to the blunders of Lord Normanby's correspondence. But the truth is now universally known. M. Louis Blanc has told it. M. Émile Thomas has told it. Except our minister at Florence, everybody is by this time aware that the Ateliers Nationaux were established by M. Marie, in direct opposition to M. Louis Blanc, and contrary to his fundamental theory—which is that of wages for the remunerative work done, not of wages for the mere hours of labour. We say nothing in favour of the theories of M. Marie or of M. Louis Blanc. One theory may be right, and the other wrong. One may be philosophical, the other dangerous. They may both be foolish and disastrous. But we may express our surprise that an English ambassador in Paris should have been so ignorant of men and events as to implicate M. Louis Blanc in the disasters of an experiment tried against his will, and against the principle and practice of which he protested.

Of Louis Napoleon Lord Normanby speaks in the most gingerly way, praising nothing, blaming nothing, in the conduct of the Prince. With regard to King Louis-Philippe he is much more candid, abusing his "obstinacy and blindness," with hearty goodwill and with not a little malice for a noble lord who has tasted of the King's salt. Touches candid as the following are frequent enough:—

"On his arrival in England, where he was received with every demonstration of sympathy and respect, he rather astonished those who came out to meet him, by the levity of his deportment. All who have ever been brought into social contact with His Majesty are aware of a remarkable deficiency in his nature; he never had the slightest sentiment of personal dignity, and upon this occasion the most extraordinary circumstance in the history of this extraordinary man is that, in quitting the throne, he seemed to have lost all feeling of identity or of moral connexion with the individual who had ceased to occupy it. He seemed to consider the whole merely as a drama, in which he

had ceased to play his accustomed part, and to believe that he could separate himself completely from the character he had formerly assumed, and discuss it with all the freedom of a by-stander."

The air of Florence seems favourable to small scandal. Here is a second touch, *à propos* of the Spanish marriages:—

"The King spoke to me for some time with great animation, but never once alluded to the passing events. He adverted to our proposed diplomatic intercourse with Rome, to the difficulty of receiving a priest at St. James's in full canonicals, told a story of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who, in the days of his emigration, had got over the difficulty by going to George the Third in court-dress with a sword. I only allude to these trivial subjects of conversation because I found afterwards that the King had been studying effect to the last, and that he had said to those to whom he spoke immediately afterwards, 'I am very well satisfied with Lord Normanby to-night,' as if he had been speaking to me of the passing concerns of the moment, and I had approved the course of his Government."

Almost the sole person who is spoken of in these volumes with uniform civility is the young Duchess of Montpensier. Lord Normanby gives some details of her escape from France, which are romantic enough for the Spanish stage. Only fancy the girl-duchess being forgotten in the hurry of escape!—

"There was a general report yesterday evening, that the Duchess of Montpensier was missing, having been forgotten in the precipitate flight of the rest of the Royal family from the Tuilleries. This was so far confirmed to me, that a person told me soon after the departure of the King, he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the young Princess quite alone, wandering bewildered on the outskirts of the crowd near the palace. In answer to my very natural question why he did not at once offer his assistance, this person replied, that his first impulse was to do so, though he was perfectly unknown to Her Royal Highness, but that in the then temper of the mob he did not like the responsibility of attracting attention to her, and he thought her best chance of safety was in being not only unrecognized but unsuspected. Considering the pains that had been taken to make that Château her home, the sacrifices at which that object had been attained, and the triumphant reception with which she had been so recently welcomed there, it does appear strange that no one should have been found to make it his duty to secure the retreat of one so young, so gentle, so helpless, and so beautiful, who had therefore, even upon strangers, such combined claims to protection, wherever a vestige of chivalry is left in the world. * * At that very moment, that interesting and illustrious child, only now just sixteen (and, if the courtly announcements of the last few weeks are to be believed, bearing with her the future object of the combined hopes of Spain and France, and of the exaggerated apprehensions of England), was wandering about utterly alone, every moment in danger of becoming the mark for popular fury, and her only protection against insult being the apparent impossibility that one so cherished could be found in such a piteous and deserted plight. I am happy to say that for the present I am reassured as to her safety: at seven o'clock this morning I received a visit from two ladies, who arrived at an hour and in a manner calculated to avoid observation; one was officially attached to the person of one of the Princesses, the other merely a devoted private friend. They came to request me * * * and I hastened to do all they wished."

Here is a mystery! What do the stars cover? Was it the Duchess herself the Marquis was desired to save? Here follow more adventures:—

"At length we have further authentic information of the escape of the Duchesse de Montpensier. Many of the details I have heard from M. Lamartine himself. It appears that the Duchess, when provided with the means of securing, as was thought, a safe journey, started with General Thierry, the aide-de-camp of her husband, for Eu,

with the expectation of there meeting the Duke; but, the projects of the rest of the royal family having been modified by circumstances, they found no one at the Château, and, under the additional escort of a young diplomatist on leave in the neighbourhood, M. Estancelin, H.R.H. started again for Abbeville. Upon her arrival there, the mob assumed a menacing aspect at the appearance of a post carriage, which they said contained the Princes on their way to England. M. Estancelin in vain assured them that the lady was his wife, and that he was returning to his diplomatic duties. The crowd insisted upon opening the door of the carriage, and M. Estancelin, in order to avoid that necessity, desired to be driven to the house of a Republican friend in that part of the town, and confided to him the name of his companion, and this man had the brutality or the timidity to refuse an asylum to one whose presence, he was afraid, might compromise him with his friends. It was already quite dark, yet there seemed no other resources than that the Princess, attended by the General, should proceed on foot through the town, and await upon the road leading to Montreuil the arrival of the carriage with post-horses which M. Estancelin was to seek when the suspicions of the mob, who were still hovering about the post-house, should have been diverted. Any one who remembers Abbeville in the old posting days cannot forget the interminable length of winding streets which intervene between the post and the Northern Gate. It appears that the town was as unknown in detail to General Thierry as to his distinguished companion, and for hours they paced up and down, without guide or direction, a furious gale of wind raging round, and drifting rain, snow, and sleet in their faces; for, as the storm was from the north-east, and the Boulogne Gate precisely in that direction, it was only by proceeding resolutely in the eye of the wind that they could hope to reach that exit from the town. The lower shutters of all the houses were so universally closed against the raging of the elements and the equally threatening outbreak of human passions, that it was impossible to demand their way. Once a brilliant light from some windows attracted their attention, but it was soon carefully avoided when found to proceed from a crowded cabaret where they were singing *La Marseillaise*. Missing the main gate, and expecting to escape through a side postern, they were, instead, bogged in a sort of quagmire, the first steps in which deprived the delicate feet of the poor Duchess of both shoes; wandering about in search of them, she sank above her ankle at every moment, till providentially found by an unknown friend of M. Estancelin, who had been sent in search of them: by him she was conducted to a shed on the *Route Royale*, where they awaited the arrival of the carriage and proceeded on their journey."

M. de Lamartine, it may be remembered, gives in his own history of these events some curious sayings of the young Princess,—protesting, Spaniard-like, that she adored these adventures and thought them far more amusing than croquet and scandal at the round table at the Tuileries!

On another point we may say a word. M. Guizot gets throughout these volumes every species of incidental abuse, and in one place becomes the hero of a very formal piece of literary impeachment. The insinuations against his honour are paltry and sometimes ridiculous. The historian of Civilization is treated as if he were a mere court instrument, corrupt himself and ready to corrupt others. M. Guizot is printing his own Memoirs, and in a few weeks they will be in everybody's hands. In the meanwhile, we may assure him in his retreat that he need not trouble himself about this gust of wind from the Apennines. His policy may be explained and his motives cleared up by a narrative such as no man knows better than himself how to write; but his character, he may rest assured, needs no vindication. In England we do not always

measure virtue by success; and despite Lord Normanby's hot and splenetic accusations, our more calm and philosophical countrymen will continue to see in M. Guizot a man of genius who, even if he has failed in that field of ambition which would have yielded him a glory at best incidental and transient, has succeeded in that far nobler field of human endeavour which is at once fruitful and immortal.

Our Old Town. By Thomas Miller. (Brown & Co.)

WHEN Mary Russell Mitford, whose heart was in her tragedies, sat up late into many a summer morning to finish and polish those more marketable prose sketches which she was compelled by the extravagance of others to produce, (such being the real facts of the origin of 'Our Village')—she little dreamed that by labour so compulsory and so little prized, she was laying the first stone of a library of literature, and setting a pattern which some score of men, women and children in England and America would find a profit in imitating. The tale and the catalogue would fill a page in the 'Accidents of Authorship.' It might have been fancied that the story was told, and the catalogue closed, and the leaf full—had we not here fourteen chapters, printed in a form of luxury never reached by the *Lady of Three Mile Cross*, and illustrated by a profusion of head and tail pieces nicely cut in wood. Copious though the library of minute local sketches is, and easy though the pattern seems to be, (whence its temptation to many unable to support the interest of a long story)—its founder seems to us almost to have exhausted it,—or at least to have been followed by no scholar in truth and excellence approaching herself. In Mr. Miller's 'Old Town' a river, with its wharves and "staithe," its drowned folk and its water-robbers, plays a prominent part.—Mr. Miller's grade in the "Mitford" school may be best indicated by letting him speak for himself, to the length of a couple of pages.—

"This Beck-lane, or Water-lane—for every reader knows that *beck* is an old Saxon word for brook, stream, or any description of water-course—was one of the three ancient roads that cut across the town from the hills to the river, as was before mentioned when describing the quarrel about the plank and the inn-yard. Riverward this ancient lane came out opposite the old town staithe, under a low dark archway, whose thick iron-bound gates opened into the main street. Hillward it ran up in a level line with a deep dry ravine, the highest side of which was so precipitous that it could only be ascended by holding on by the projecting shrubs, and resting every now and then on the ridgy water-marks, which formed narrow ledges, or table-lands, showing how, at some undated period, the water had from time to time subsided, when it rushed and roared, and emptied itself into the river, ages before a living inhabitant had planted a foot on the shores of Our Old Town. It must have been some sudden and terrible convulsion that split asunder that mighty hill—some deafening and overwhelming deluge that roared and rolled and ploughed deeper that dizzy ravine, across the widest part of which a good slinger could have hurled a stone. There was nothing resembling this deep yawning chasm along the whole miles of hills that bridged the landscape behind Our Old Town, along the whole length of the river, either inland or seaward, that rolled at their green and sloping feet. As for the Beck that once flowed between these steep green walls, and tinkled in unison with the bells of the pack-horses as they were driven from the hilly towns along the lane to the ancient water-staithe, it has long since disappeared—one of the few picturesque features that has vanished from our old streets. Here and there you may find traces of it in a field or two at the entrance of the deep valley, where a few huge

decaying willows and stunted alders droop their branches over the dried-up bed of the beck, as if looking for something which they have lost and will never find again; and the steep embankment that bound some of the gardens which run along the lane, telling you of lovers' walks and whispered vows, uttered by those who have, long centuries ago, slumbered beneath the green turf in our old churchyard. The hoary hawthorns that stand in those fields, and that were old at the Reformation, seemed to me different to any other trees that I have ever seen, for there were traces of human countenances in their gnarled branches, and outlines of strange forms in their age-twisted stems."

Such descriptive passages as the above are the best portions of 'Our Old Town,' for in dealing with its human creatures Mr. Miller becomes vague, and wordy, and sentimental. In no form of writing are conciseness, preciseness, and selectness of language so precious as in the brief sketch. This book is pleasant to look at, and as such may take its place on the table for the use of loungers; but its author must not aspire to be promoted to the library-shelf when *Twelfth Night* is past, and when the glossy freshness of the page has been thumbed off.

Decii Junii Juvenalis et A. Persii Flacci Satiræ. With a Commentary by the Rev. Arthur John Maclean, M.A. (Whittaker & Co.)

We are always glad to see anything done for the illustration of Roman Satire, because it is a branch of literature at once curious in itself and important in its influence. In the first place, it is Roman, and not imitation only,—and this is a great charm. The Romans were slow in learning Art, as their own writers took care to tell them. But they had a certain native humour—not of the gay poetic kind which glitters (like fireflies among myrtle-bushes) in Aristophanes,—yet strong and sappy, and just suited to their practical, hearty, good sense. You see this quality in those *bons-mots* of the Elder Cato and other worthies scattered up and down the ancient literature. You see it in Plautus and in Cicero. But it is at its best in the renowned old satirist of Aquinum—a Roman of the Romans—a racy, vigorous, patriotic wit and moralist,—who thus stands as a representative of what his nation could do in letters apart altogether from the teaching of the finer Greek mind. The Roman *forte* was war,—and Satire is the literature of war. Juvenal seems suckled on the national Wolf; and this is his main interest—that his is a Roman mind. Shakespeare is not more English, Burns not more Scotch, than Juvenal is Roman.

What he has done for the moderns is equally remarkable. He was popular in the monasteries of the Middle Ages, familiarly known to Walter Mapes and his jolly company, to the goliards who laughed at lazy and bibulous priests in the twelfth century. The *editio princeps* of him was out as early as Horace or Virgil, and before a speech of Tully's had found its way into type. He was one of the ancestors of the great European satirists,—Hall, Boileau, Dryden, and Pope. In England, we have two first-class translations, and some half-dozen respectable ones. Indeed, he has been a favourite with us, as might easily be proved from the recorded opinions of our greatest men. The present editor, then, may fairly expect a welcome from those who want a good English edition in which the latest labours of critics are discussed. He does his work after the now well-known fashion of the "Bibliotheca Classica,"—of which it is a part. There is a certain impatience of the old style

of commentating about Mr. Maclean, as there is about Mr. Long. A good editor has to do for his author what a surveyor and architect does for a house in want of repairs. He must ascertain his condition, patch him up here, stop a leak there, put in a slate or two. He must do this always with an eye to the original state of the building. But some editors only cart up the material, and top it over in front! This was too much Rupert's way,—and hence the student was overwhelmed rather than enlightened.

Mr. Maclean has, in his Introduction, rightly assailed a too common error about Juvenal.—

"That his invectives against the vices of his time are not the mere artistic and declamatory compositions which some writers suppose them to be, but the fruits of an honest indignation, of rare powers of sarcasm, and of a large knowledge of the world, I think is manifest. His language is unreserved in dealing with the foulest vices, but there is no appearance of his being himself a loose liver in any part of his writings. When Horace is coarse he betrays something of sympathy with vice, while Juvenal shows only contempt for it. Although therefore an expurgated edition of Juvenal would have more gaps than an expurgated edition of Horace, a well-regulated mind would be less offended with the entire text of Juvenal than with that of Horace. Juvenal's morality was of a higher and less technical sort than Horace's, and has led some into the notion that he drew it from the purest source, and was in understanding, if not by profession, a Christian. This of course is absurd. He knew human nature, and he knew right from wrong, and was not blinded by self-indulgence, and so was able to state the law of conscience in a way to astonish some Christians, to whom that law is very imperfectly known."

Long ago the *Edinburgh Review*, if we remember right, started the theory that the satirist was a man "used up" with the vices of Rome herself, and railing against them to relieve his satiety. But the grandeur of intellect which Juvenal shows apart from his satirical faculty,—which breaks out, we mean, in his moral aphorisms, gleams of poetry, and touches of sentiment, is sufficient to demolish this notion. Had he been a known rake, we should have heard more of him from Martial, who gives us one glimpse of the unquiet satirist moving about, evidently not a happy man, in the crowded noisy streets. His own sketch of himself in the "eleventh" is a pleasant domestic picture,—and was he likely to hang it up before people who knew it to be false? The poems themselves, so earnest and real as they are, indicate the consistent, hearty, merciless reformer, scornful as Swift, pictorial as Hogarth. The silence about him marks the hatred of the man to his age and his government. If he had not been a dangerous and lonely spirit (very different from the light and rollicking Martial), he would have been mentioned by the prudent and accomplished Quintilian.

The same intense and, we think, melancholy earnestness (for we class Juvenal with the Burtons and Butlers, not the Sydney Smiths) must be remembered when we talk of his coarseness. He was coarse for the sake of the truth, and not for the sake of the fun. Porson has some excellent remarks in his review of Brunck's 'Aristophanes.' "The ancients," says he, "were accustomed to call a spade a spade, to give everything its proper name. There is another sort of indecency which is infinitely more dangerous, which corrupts the heart without offending the ear." What could a satirist who had seen the reign of Domitian be? And if he was to be a satirist, why not be it with a right goodwill, and openly? It is this very cudgel-play of his which makes him a good satirist for youth, as an example of candour

and pluck. To boys he is a wholesome writer, more so than one of those more delicate men who sneer rather than strike,—who are of the world even more decidedly than they are against its vices,—and who end in a kind of moderate cynicism which is unfit for the minds of the young.

Mr. Maclean does not hesitate—like the last English editor, Mr. Mayor—to print the whole sixteen Satires. But in certain places (where, for instance, old Holyday "veils his author" and sets Dryden an example which that strongly nerved bard did not condescend to follow) our editor withholds the explaining hand. Generally speaking, we may call this a serviceable edition, without professing to say that it will open a new era in Juvenalian criticism. There is no want either of sagacity or information in the notes, which yet are by no means too long; and with regard to those difficult passages (as i. 27, i. 62, v. 154, vii. 176, and so forth) about which everybody differs, and on which special treatises have been written, Mr. Maclean does not evade them, and may well challenge people who condemn him to prove that their own interpretations are better. If anything, however, he is a little too apt to pooh-pooh controversy on such points, and to dismiss suggestions with a "this may be true"! He scarcely speaks with sufficient respect of his predecessor, Mr. Mayor, whose edition we rather like. Yet, for a proof how dangerous it is to treat classical subjects, we need only go to a passage of his own work. He lays it down that *puelle* is only used for "chaste young women, single or married,"—a statement quite inconsistent with Juvenal's own use of the word in vi. 127, and not necessary to his joke in the passage (iv. 35, 36) *à propos* of which Mr. Maclean makes it.

It is the lot of Persius to follow regularly in Juvenal's rear, though in order of time he preceded him. There is no disgrace in following such a man, but it seems hard that a genius like Persius could not condescend to write more popularly. Queen Elizabeth, as Fuller tells us, once extemporized this line,—
Persius a crab staffe,—bawdy Martial.—Ovid a fine wag.

And the "obscurity" of Persius is one of the commonplace of Letters. Mr. Maclean puts the best face upon it.—

"He has evidently taken Horace's advice (S. i. 10. 69 sqq.) too literally, and corrected himself till his language has become short and the ideas condensed, to a degree that makes the sense in some places obscure. Modern readers have found great fault with the poet on this account. But I think the obscurity has been exaggerated, and that, except a few passages, the Satires are as free from difficulty as most of Juvenal's. They were much admired by the ancients, and have been abundantly quoted by Grammarians, by Fathers of the Church, and medieval writers. If certain passages are less familiar to modern ears than their fitness for quotation might lead us to expect, it is from the difficulties of the poetry, which have deterred men of our day from reading it as it deserves."

This obscurity was evidently congenial to the author. It cannot be explained from external circumstances,—such, for instance, as a "Fear of Nero." It was the odd peculiarity of that miscreant that—as Suetonius tells us—there was nothing he was so lenient towards as the offence of libels against himself. But had it been otherwise, no "obscurity" would save a writer from a tyrant,—and why should he preserve the same style in less dangerous passages? It was his taste, we must conclude, and indeed the whole aspect of the man has something strange and peculiar about it. A rich young aristocrat in that bad age becomes the poet of the Porch,—is of Puritan simplicity, white as antique marble, in his character,—

curiously elaborates satire, and has a vein of very manly wit; but is the tenderest son and brother that ever put a crown of flowers on the family Lar. Even his personal beauty and his early death contribute to the interest, and Persius is one of the most romantic figures among the writers of antiquity. Mr. Maclean's edition of him possesses the same qualities already attributed to his Juvenal, and we should be glad to think that it helped Persius to a few more readers. He stands by himself as a satirist, for he did not found the school. Meanwhile, no commentary on him is likely to supersede the admirable and abundant one of Casaubon,—who knew his man thoroughly. It was an odd blunder of Gifford's, by the by, to assert that Casaubon would have "defended him more successfully," but that "he was over-awed by the brutal violence of the elder Scaliger." Why should he have feared a man who had at that time been half-a-century in his grave?

Report from the Select Committee on the Bank Acts. Part I. (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.)

THE condition of monetary affairs in Europe and America,—our domestic embarrassments and second suspension of the Bank Act,—events which were not foreseen even so recently as the sitting of the Bank Committee, whose first Report bears date the 30th of July last, give a special value to the evidence made public by this volume. The assaults of the Banking measures of the late Sir Robert Peel have obtained a second triumph. With one exception, the daily press have handed over his doctrines to the tender mercy of Birmingham and Glasgow. The departed spirits of Mr. Attwood and Mr. Muntz must be soothed with distant rumours of unlimited paper-money. The Prime Minister takes a new start in popular favour, and all are hoping for a happy issue; and supposing that relief has actually followed,—not questionably, as in 1847, but as an undoubted consequence of the Ministerial letter? The question is assumed to be a grave one for the memory of Sir Robert Peel. Can it be possible that the disasters of 1847, which involved a chairman and three directors of the Bank of England in bankruptcy, which broke up nine banks of issue, and in a few weeks destroyed more than two hundred mercantile firms of the higher class, were all the work of the fatal Act of '44? To bring the matter closer to our doors, are the great failures of the last few weeks—the effects of which most of us have felt in some degree—due in any part to that measure which we have voluntarily imposed upon ourselves, and which, even on the very threshold of suspension, the Government were ready most emphatically to recommend for renewal? Something like this, indeed, is the charge brought by the opponents of the present system; and we propose to discuss briefly the question of how far their theory is just.

The principles upon which the author of the Bank Act founded his celebrated measure were explained by him to the House of Commons with great clearness and elaboration. Rarely had the scientific theory of money, which so many eminent thinkers and practical men, from Locke and Newton to Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Horner, and Mr. Huskisson, had developed and established, been more rigorously proposed as the basis of practical legislation. The dangers of paper-money were practically known in almost every country in the world. In the United States, in Russia, in Austria, in the South American kingdoms and republics, in France, in Spain, and even in Great Britain, the disasters of a currency that could be increased at

the arbitrary will of the issuers, had been experienced again and again. It was not many years before that the towns and villages in Ireland were swarming with bankers issuing notes for crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, many of them being women, and quite ignorant of their new trade. At one time the little town of Skibbereen had twelve, and Youghal twenty-three such shops of issue; and the miseries which their frauds and failures inflicted upon the people were notorious. Equally disastrous, though less common, were the failures of country banks of issue in England; and even the Bank of England itself had failed to keep its notes at their nominal value. The days of Bank restriction, when five-pound notes were for some time worth no more than 3*l.* 15*s.*,—when there were two prices for goods—a paper and a gold price,—until all metallic money, except the vilest silver and copper pieces, finally vanished out of use,—were not long past; and the embarrassment and derangement of contracts, the spoliation of fundholders, and the loss and mischief entailed by the measures necessary to restore a sounder system, were still fresh in the memories of men. The "restriction," wasteful and indefensible as it was on any grounds, had been imposed upon the Bank by political circumstances; the evil days had passed away, but the system of the Bank, notwithstanding its proved caution and creditable management, was still far from satisfactory. It enjoyed a local monopoly of the power of issuing paper-money. Although, in fact, only a joint-stock bank, conducting business for the benefit of its shareholders, its notes were endowed with the character of coin, their acceptance in discharge of a claim being made by law compulsory on creditors. This clause in their act Sir Robert Peel had in vain opposed in 1833. Its existence made some guarantee for the convertibility of the note very desirable, but, in fact, no such guarantee existed, save in the discretion and honesty of the directors. The liabilities to depositors and note holders were confounded in one system of accounts. The bullion in the Bank coffers was consequently disposable at the will of the directors, either as a store for meeting their notes, or as a fund for discounting bills or making other advances. The first of these modes was obviously profitless, save in the safety which it yielded; the second was, on the contrary, highly profitable. Though an account of the state of the Bank's affairs was furnished weekly to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the public only learned once a month the true state of things. The Bank, it is true, endeavoured in times of calm to keep bullion to the amount of one-third of all its liabilities; but in times of sudden pressure they were under the strongest temptation to increase their issues beyond prudent limits. The dangers of 1837 and 1839, which a glance at the Bank accounts of those years will show, were a sufficient warning in the eyes of cautious men; and when the Bank Charter was about to be renewed it was determined by the Government to adopt measures for rendering the convertibility of that paper which had been made a legal tender to all creditors, both foreign and domestic, practically safe.

This, in fact, was the one great object of the present Bank Act. The issuing and paying of notes was thereby, for the first time, separated from the mere banking functions of the institution; and all holders of notes were enabled to learn every week the real securities for convertibility, and if about to make long contracts, were made sufficiently sure of payment in an undepreciated currency. The means taken were simple. The first thing was to ascertain the lowest point which the circulation had reached

for some years. This (making necessary deductions) was between fourteen and fifteen millions sterling. That sum then was assumed to be the lowest point which the note issue would be likely in future to reach; and for this reason, and no other, it was fixed that for all notes issued above fourteen millions (now nearly fourteen millions and a half) gold should be at all times kept; while for the fourteen millions, the debt to that amount from the Government to the Bank should be held as a security. Under this system it is admitted that it is practically impossible that Bank notes could become inconvertible; and at no time during the operation of the Act has any fear been felt upon this point. Meanwhile, the banking department was left to be managed, as in other banks, by the judgment of the directors. The proportion of money necessary to be kept for the meeting of customers' drafts,—the amount which they could lend on commercial bills or other securities,—the rate of interest which they should decide to charge, were matters with which the Legislature had no concern, the best guides being assumed to be the directors' natural desire both for safety and for profit. Under the previous system the stoppage of this department would have deranged all the contracts and money transactions in the kingdom; under the new system the worst effect would be the inconvenience entailed upon customers scarcely more important in the extent of their deposits than those of some of our joint-stock banks. It is more than doubtful whether such an occurrence—calamitous as it would undoubtedly be—would affect in any way the value of the notes. The knowledge of their safety, and the necessities of commerce, would in all probability prevent their amount sinking below the fourteen millions, and consequently would maintain their value at par.

Sound and wise, however, as we hold the Bank Act to have been, it cannot be denied that its author and his followers have frequently defended its provisions on grounds empirical and fallacious, a fact that has served to obscure the true question at issue. It is not by any means necessary to its defence to show what may be true or false, that taking both departments together, a greater stock of bullion has been retained in consequence of the Act. Neither was it necessary to maintain that this or any other Act short of an Act that could make all men wise, could "prevent undue and extravagant speculation." Much misapprehension has also arisen from the statement, that the fourteen millions were issued as representing the government debt. A debt has in fact no more right to have a paper "representative" doing duty as money than the acres of land which Law and Chamberlayne, and the more recent American theorists held to be a justification for a deluge of paper-money. The fact, that the safe limit for notes exactly corresponded with the government debt was a mere accident. The term "representative of value," though often in the mouth of the late Sir R. Peel, is a mischievous one, and an impediment to clear ideas on the subject of money. Our bank notes are no more representatives of other values than our coins, or our corn, or our hardware; but are themselves valuable things. They do not derive their value from their convertibility, but from the limitation of their supply, which their convertibility alone can secure. Nor does the common phrase, that they have "no intrinsic value," represent any clear or useful idea. The proposition is, in fact, only true of a piece of tissue paper. It is not true of bank notes, which are valuable because men want them and because they are scarce, which is the only reason why anything is valuable.

Equally fallacious is the almost sacred belief that it is the duty of the Bank to prevent an export of money by raising the rate of discount, and so contracting the circulation. The Bank in dealing with its banking reserve should have no rule but to keep a safe proportion to its liabilities, employing all other funds at the market rate of interest. Whether money will be exported to another country or not would then depend not upon that rate, but simply on the value of money compared with commodities in the two countries.

Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. Tooke, the latter of whom is well represented in the present case by Mr. Newmarch, are undoubtedly the most formidable of the opponents of the Bank Act. To dispose of the crude theories of a Muntz or a Salt is comparatively easy. The subtleties of the two gentlemen we have mentioned are too plausible to be harmless. Mr. Mill's theory may be briefly stated. He thinks the object of the Bank should be to maintain a uniform and moderate rate of interest. Why a different principle than their own natural regard for profit combined with safety should actuate them any more than any other body of men (even granting the proposed object to be attainable), he does not inform us; neither does he tell us why this latter principle, which he would admit to be on the whole beneficial to the public in the case of corn or cotton, should be hurtful only in the case of gold. The theory of "double drains," propounded by Mr. Mill (Qu. 2026), affords a curious instance of the power of a fallacy to confuse at times the clearest heads. Mr. Mill points out that a drain for gold generally commences by the withdrawal of deposits in notes from the Banking Department. As these notes are afterwards presented to the Issue Department and cashed, he considered the strain upon the Bank twofold; but in fact the Bank's powers are only diminished by drawing on the Banking Department. The gold in the Issue Department never was available for the purposes of discount. It is there for no other purpose but to guarantee the convertibility of notes. To take any portion of it away in exchange for paper does not diminish the quantity of money in the hands of the public, but leaves it exactly where it was. If the gold be then exported the drain is still single, not double. It is in fact not denied that the legislative regulation of this department practically attains its object, and while not tampered with, relieves the directors of all responsibility and anxiety on that side. Mr. Tooke's objections are well known to all persons interested in the subject. He has devoted the researches of a life to prove that the Bank never had, as he assumed his opponents to believe, the power of making "excessive issues." The fallacy lies in the term "excessive issues." It is true that the Bank has no power to increase the circulation beyond the requirements of commerce, or that if it attempted to do so the surplus would be immediately thrown back upon it. If, therefore, by "excessive" be meant excessive in relation to such requirements, Mr. Tooke's doctrine is perfectly true; but it is nothing to the point. Although the language of some defenders of the Bank Act may have been loose on this subject, what is really meant in their theory by "excessive," is simply excessive in relation to their gold reserve. The question is, in fact, not one of more or less money, but simply a question of prudent banking. Under any regulation the Bank circulation would be neither greater nor less than it now is; but the quantity of gold kept to make their notes secure might be ten pounds or ten millions.

Let it not be forgotten that a relaxation of the Bank Act can mean nothing but an encroachment upon this guarantee fund. It is admitted by Mr. Tooke and the strongest opponents of the law, that the Bank have no power to increase permanently the quantity of notes. All issues in excess of the limit prescribed must quickly be exchanged for gold. Men, however, will point to the relief which relaxation will probably have afforded as a conclusive evidence that the restriction was the real cause of our disasters. The answer to this popular opinion must be honestly given. The relief, however great, can afford no evidence whatever against the Act or the opinions of its supporters. It was never alleged or imagined by the author of the Bank Charter or his school, that to take a large stock of gold intended for securing the convertibility of the note, and apply it in times of difficulty to the discounting of commercial bills would afford no relief to the commercial world. How then can the relief be cited against them? Most gentlemen who have ever had the misfortune to hold a trust fund know probably what it is to have it demonstrated to them that to apply the money in a way not exactly contemplated by the trust deed would be of the utmost benefit to some party interested, whose embarrassment is probably undeniable. Grant all the benefit; and the trust is not proved to be a bad one. Much less can it be considered as the cause of the gentleman's embarrassment. In fact, any relief felt may or may not be a justification for the Government keeping a second store of gold to relieve the commercial world whenever it is in difficulties; but it can be no reason why a regulation for securing the convertibility of bank notes should not be maintained. The subject must speedily be brought under the consideration of the Legislature. The present system of keeping a large store of bullion lying idle in times of calm, and diverting it in times of panic to an object totally different from that contemplated by the law, cannot be continued. As long as that system is accompanied by its dangerous supplement of Ministerial letters, it does in fact practically yield us a most expensive protection throughout long periods of perfect safety, only to abandon all defence at the first token of danger.

The Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist; with Extracts from his Correspondence, General and Literary. By Patrick Joseph Murray. (Lay.)

THE literary life and personal fortunes of the Author of 'Damon and Pythias,' and the originator of the 'Tales by the O'Hara Family,' ought to have made a better book. Mr. Murray has not wanted sympathy with his subject,—he has taken some pains in collection of material; but his style of narration is heavy and tasteless, and his literary remarks are pointless and insufficient as regards knowledge. To instance, when he desires to exalt Banim as the first Irish novelist, he begins by stating that in 1821, "Miss Edgeworth was in the full possession of the public taste as the best and only Irish novelist." Long ere this time 'O'Donnell' and 'Florence MacCarthy' had appeared. But this is not his sole mistake: our critic having ignored the existence of Lady Morgan, goes on to call 'Castle Rackrent' an "elegant drawing-room portraiture of Irish life and character"; and to point out that Miss Edgeworth "wanted many, very many attributes peculiar to that phase of genius which can obtain and keep secure the title of the Irish Novelist." In the same not very luminous style, Mr. Murray proceeds to state that "Sir Walter" was Banim's "ideal of a national

novelist; from this ideal nothing can be more dissimilar than that discoverable in the style and tone of the works of Miss Edgeworth." This will seem especially ill considered to those who recollect that Scott more than once declared that he had been encouraged to continue 'Waverley,' and to commence the career of a Scottish novelist in emulation of Miss Edgeworth's "National Tales." That the Banims dealt with the crimes, passions and sorrows which too largely mark the history of Irish society more boldly than any woman should do is true; but to talk of them as having created the *Irishman* for fiction, is absurd. This biography, in short, however well meant, is written in a tone which is at once false and feeble.

The best portion of the Life refers to the early years of the boy, who was the second son of a shopkeeper at Kilkenny,—born there in 1798. John Banim began "to make himself" (to use the homely phrase applied to Scott by one of his Border playfellows,) almost as soon as he could write and read; as a child he wrote verses and fairy tales. When he was nine years of age he passed his works in review, and deliberately destroyed the larger portion of them as unworthy of preservation. Those were the days of the Kilkenny theatricals, at which Moore recited his 'Monologue on National Music.'—

"It was encored, and Banim was the loudest of those demanding the repetition. The beauty of the poetry struck the fancy of the child, and so profound was the impression created by it upon his memory, that he, the following morning, repeated the entire with almost perfect accuracy, and with the gestures and inflections employed by Moore in its delivery. After having breakfasted, he was observed to dress himself in his best clothes, and the family saw him leave the shop, and, with a roll of papers under his arm, walk towards the house in which Moore lodged: he was about to introduce himself to Moore as a brother poet, and the roll of papers was the manuscript verses by which he meant to prove his right to the 'honourable name.' Moore, remembering probably the trembling anxiety with which he had, in his fourteenth year, sent 'the attempts of a youthful muse' to the Editor of 'The Anthologia Hibernica,' and the 'honour and glory' which he enjoyed when he found himself, shortly afterwards, called 'our esteemed correspondent T. M.,' received his odd little visitor kindly. He read a few of the verses, inquired as to his progress at school, advised him to be attentive and diligent, and closed the interview by asking, if there was anything he could do to oblige 'his brother poet.' To be called his 'brother poet' was quite sufficient for Banim; but the offer of obliging him was too flattering to be slighted, so after some consideration, he told the good-natured bard that there was nothing in the world he should like so much as a season ticket to the private theatre, where he could see Mr. Moore on the nights of performance. This request was at once granted."

We shall give an extract or two more from the same pages, as marking humours and characteristics.—

"Literary pursuits, however, were not the only ones by which Banim's attention was engaged: he frequently devoted his play hours to mechanical inventions. He formed a complicated machine which was to realize that dream of philosophy—perpetual motion. Having read 'Rasselas,' he fancied that the philosopher of the happy valley must have been a very unskillful artificer. He accordingly, of wicker-work and brown paper, formed three pairs of wings, and fastened one wing to each wrist of his brother, and of his younger sister; having mounted with his two companions upon a manure heap, he fastened the remaining pair of wings to his own wrists, and all three, jumping from their eminence, found themselves, in place of soaring to the clouds, deposited in the 'verdant mud' which formed their lake. His next attempt was the construction of sky-rockets, intended to mount to a most extraordinary height,

but which only blazed along the ground, burning the pyrotechnist, and almost destroying the house. This last exploit developed a very remarkable trait in his character. His father was so much offended by the danger to which the family and the building had been exposed, that in one of his outbreaks of passion he ordered the child to leave the house, and seek his fortune in the world. John took his cap, and went forth. It was a winter night, dark and cold, with a roaring wind abroad. Away the boy went. Mrs. Banim was silent, knowing that remonstrance could conduce to no end, save that of increasing her husband's anger; and even he seemed anxious, but was too passionate to recall the offender. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and a sturdy knock was heard at the door: it was opened, and John reappeared. He approached his father, and taking off his cap, said, 'As I am to go, I'll thank you, sir, for the sixpence I lent you the other day;—this was the last remaining sixpence of the thirty shillings subscribed for the unprinted fairy tale; and with it he was as willing, though a child, to commence his way in the world, with as bold a heart, as self-reliant a confidence, as when, in later years, he went forth with his young wife to venture upon the troubled tide of literature. The sixpence was repaid him, but, in addition, a second was given, and he was ordered to bed, his father having forgotten all his anger in the surprise of the moment."

For a restless, original creature like this there is education in every face that passes in the streets—in every new picture-book that is opened in the print-shop window. Perhaps the best of John Banim's book learning was acquired at the Kilkenny College, where he was placed when in his thirteenth year. While he was there—as again and again has happened to other men of genius—other tastes and propensities than those of literature pushed themselves forward so importunately, as for awhile apparently to decide his career. Banim "evinced a very remarkable talent for drawing and painting," and "selected the profession of an artist." To work out this he was placed in "the drawing academy of the Royal Dublin Society," where he remained two years—gained prizes and distinguished himself. But the pen was doomed to get a-head of the pencil; and 'A Dialogue in the Exhibition Room,' a criticism in verse on the Irish artists, got into print. It may have been that fame and fortune appeared to the youth more attainable by the one path than the other,—it may have been that the literary vocation was born in him as principal, and the artistic one simply an accessory one—it may have been that his patience as a student and a worker was destroyed by the engrossing interests of a love affair, narrated in a fashion alike cold and diffuse by Mr. Murray; but the fact is, that the years of training in the drawing-schools of Dublin were, as regards direct results, so many years wasted. Banim for awhile was in difficulty and in debt—and undecided as to his career. He married, and came to London with his wife to make his way as a working man of letters, novelist, playwright, poet—in every capacity showing a real, vigorous, new genius, which might have carried him through and borne him upward had not the course been stayed and the current troubled by acute and progressive disease—a paralysis which tortured and wore him out, making every struggle an agony, and every new effort of creation a spasm; and hanging on every step in life a clog and a drawback, which became heavier and heavier, more and more disqualifying, as Time wore on. How friends interposed, and public recognition stepped in to make easier the last years of the Irish Novelist, is too well remembered, because too recent, to claim narration in detail here.

We have merely adverted to the painful circumstances and difficulties of Banim's life, because it may be fancied that they had an in-

fluence on his literary creations. They may be described as the works of a man at odds with fortune:—gloomy, sorrowful, vigorous, coarse, real, with all the miseries of Ireland in them, but comparatively little of its humours. The powerful weight of the thunder-cloud is there; but too rarely that lively innocent sunshine, under the blessed influence of which tired people enjoy they know not what, and they ask not why,—delighted to feel warm and to breathe freely. We are here particularly alluding to the Irish novels and peasant ballads of John Banim, —since though part of the former were written by his brother, it was still under his direction and from his inspiration. If the 'O'Hara Tales' last it will be as the forcible and painful novels of Balzac last,—as the pictures of Ribera, with their grim subjects of torture and martyrdom, works containing excitements to which we do not lovingly or frequently return. How different is the case with Scott, in whom Banim professed to seek his prototype! To none of his romances, save 'Kenilworth,' are there some gleams of redeeming sunlight denied. Even 'The Bride of Lammermoor' has *Caleb Balderstone*. In the rest of the whole wonderful series, be the period ever so dark, or the passage of life and sorrow ever so moving, there will be always found some oasis of cheerfulness or comfort, in which the heart can take rest:—there is always a tone of hope and pleasure and freshness, deepening the pathos, but redeeming the distress from intolerable monotony.

If we have wandered away into dissertation, it is because, we must repeat, Mr. Murray's narrative is poorly executed and his material not very rich. Yet something might have been made of the group of Irishmen in London of whom Banim was one; and this we say with the more assurance because some of the pleasantest touches in this volume are those which tell how Sheil, then on "the top of the wave," as Miss O'Neill's favourite tragic author,—(and who, seriously, we have been told, speculated on the discretion of giving up law, and producing one tragedy a month, as a brilliant and golden way of earning money!)—helped Banim with the managers, and made a way for 'Damon and Pythias,'—one of the tragedies adopted by Mr. Macready, when he was working upwards as an actor. On the other hand, if Banim was helped by Sheil, he, in his turn, did the best of his best for Gerald Griffin;—with small thanks for what he did, since the author of 'The Tales of the Munster Festivals' seems, in his case, to have been touchy, jealous,—ungrateful even, though repentant afterwards. There is a tale to be told about all these things, when the Irishman shall come who can tell it, calmly, kindly, justly.

Pope: his Descent and Family Connections. Facts and Conjectures. By Joseph Hunter. (J. R. Smith.)

WHEN we first read the announcement of this little volume, we felt satisfied that we should find in it something of interest and value. Mr. Hunter is an inquirer who goes direct to one object; and in this instance, he proposed to illustrate the descent and family connexions of the poet—to submit facts and conjectures on the subject. Of the value of the facts we had no doubt: the conjectures were less hopeful.

Pope, in the Prologue to the Satires, said both his parents sprang of "gentle blood," and in a note, by way of comment on the line in the 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity,'—

Hard as thy heart and as thy birth obscure, observed that "Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of

which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay." This statement was questioned by a Mr. Potenger, who claimed kindred with the poet. He observed to Dr. Bolton, Dean of Carlisle, "that his cousin Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard anything himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe; and what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance,—on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known anything of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of England in Hampshire. He placed his son, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a convert to Popery." The Earl of Guildford also told Mr. Loveday of Caversham, "that he has seen and examined the pedigrees and descents of that [the Downe] family, and is sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be descended from that family."

Mr. Hunter agrees with Mr. Carruthers in the belief that Mr. Potenger was probably the M.P. for Reading; and this seems plausible when we remember that Dr. Bolton was not only Dean of Carlisle, but Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. But in a question of this nature, this respectable alliance must not be assumed, for the Potengers, though not ennobled, were of an older and better family than the Earls of Downe,—and there are objections. Richard Potenger, the M.P., was also a Welsh Judge, and he died in 1739, and a new writ was ordered in the November of that year; and Dr. Bolton was not appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading, until the 20th of August, 1738. Again, Mr. Hunter assumes that the maiden aunt referred to, must have been the sister of Pope's grandfather Pope, and Mr. Potenger the issue of another sister or brother. Is that quite certain? It would tend to shake our faith in the Downe connexion, if it could be shown that both Mr. Potenger and the genealogist were Popes by descent, and yet had never heard of the "fine pedigree." However, on Mr. Potenger's hint, Mr. Hunter proceeded with his researches.—

"In looking over the list of beneficed clergymen in the county of Hants, in the period in which he lived, presented to us by 'The Book of Compositions for First-Fruits,' I find only one person of the name of Pope, and his name was Alexander. This of itself would be sufficient to support Mr. Potenger's account, and to set before us the person for whom search has before been unsuccessfully made. Then as to his residence, and position in the Church, we find in these Books of Compositions:—1. On the 31st of January, 1631, Alexander Pope compounded for the first-fruits of the rectory of Thruxton, in the county of Hants. 2. On November 23, 1633, he compounded for the first-fruits of the Prebend of Middleton. 3. And on May 23, 1639, for the first-fruits of the Prebend of Ichen-Abbots. As he held Thruxton till his death, he must be considered in the light of a clergyman possessed of good preferment, in fact, as belonging to the superior class of the clergy in the diocese of Winchester."

Mr. Hunter now entertained hopes that some information might even yet be obtained at Thruxton respecting the Rector and his family; but nothing resulted from his inquiries but the following from the register of burials:—

"1645, Feb. 21. Alexander Pope, Minister of Thruxton, was buried."

That the Rector of Thruxton was the grandfather of the poet, Mr. Hunter has little doubt; is of opinion indeed that dates and circumstances strongly support his views. Pope's

father, according to the inscription on his monument, was 75 at the time of his death, in 1717, and was, therefore, born in 1642. Now, "P. T.," one of Curll's initial Correspondents, who, Mr. Hunter admits, "was acquainted with facts in the history of the family a little beyond those which the poet himself had divulged," stated that Pope's father was a posthumous child. Mr. Hunter is a little perplexed with "P. T.," wonders that any one should have attributed that letter to Pope or to some friend of Pope's; while we should wonder if any one acquainted with all the circumstances could doubt that it was written by or at the suggestion of Pope. However, if dates could be relied on and Pope's father was the son of the Rector of Thruxton, he was not a posthumous child,—but we admit that the inscription of the monument is not an absolute authority. Pope was wrong according to all probabilities respecting his mother's age; and even P. T.'s assertion may have been intentionally near, but not the exact truth. Still, not to dwell with emphasis on small points, we will only further observe, that we have no evidence whatever to show that the Rector of Thruxton had children—was even a married man. Evidence of this marriage it might be difficult to procure; but we might surely expect to find a record of the baptism of his children.

Mr. Hunter now enters upon a somewhat wild, but very interesting speculation, from which he deduces not only the probability of his marriage, but of the person he married. He finds in the will of Dr. Barcroft, of C. C. C., Oxford, a bequest—

"to his godson, John Wilkins, Zanchi's works, so many as I have, to be delivered to his father-in-law [meaning stepfather, says Mr. Hunter], Mr. Alexander Pope, for his use."

"Wilkins," says Mr. Hunter, "was then a boy; and Wood informs us (Ath. Oxon. 2. 105) that he was the son of a Walter Wilkins, a goldsmith of Oxford, and that his mother was one of the daughters of Dodd of Fawsley, where Wilkins was born. Further, that Wilkins was uterine brother to Dr. Walter Pope, who, in his 'Life of Bishop Seth Ward,' speaks of this relationship."

It having been thus shown that Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester) was uterine brother to Dr. Walter Pope, Mr. Hunter assumes naturally that the goldsmith's widow married a Mr. Alexander Pope, and he then comes to the somewhat startling conclusion that this Alexander Pope was the Rector of Thruxton, that by his first wife he had Dr. Walter Pope, and that on her death he married again, and that Pope's father was the issue of the second marriage. This would make Dr. Walter Pope half brother to Pope's father. This Mr. Hunter admits is only a speculative possibility, difficult to believe, considering how much is known of Dr. Walter Pope and Bishop Wilkins, and that Walter lived till 1714, a time when his celebrated nephew (?) was known as a poet of great promise, and for whose translation of Homer subscriptions were open. The more difficult because Walter Pope stood in some relation to the family of the Earls of Burlington, to whom his 'Wish' was dedicated. But Pope's father had an elder brother, of whom Mr. Hunter takes no notice whatever; a man, says Pope in his Letter to a Noble Lord, "who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed,"—a description, coupled with the statement by P. T. of his having been educated at Oxford, which would very well describe Walter Pope; and Mr. Hunter may think it tends to strengthen his conjecture when we add that Walter in his 'Wish' speaks of "those odious names of distinction" [Whig and Tory] having "kindled great animosity and strangeness, and even hatred, betwixt friends and

relations, which are not yet, I fear, thoroughly extinguished." Pope says further, that his father "did not think it a happiness to bury his elder brother," which shows that he died before him. P. T., indeed, says the elder died at Oxford, whereas Walter lived to 1714. After all, if Mr. Hunter's hypothesis, strange as it appears, is not to be implicitly trusted, what remains? A rector of Thruxton of the name of Alexander Pope. But there is no proof whatever that he was the ancestor of the poet, that he had children, or was even married; and Mr. Carruthers has shown, what our limited observation tends to confirm, that the name of Alexander was a common Christian name amongst the Pope family.

The argument tending to show that "probabilities are strongly in favour of the assertion," that Pope was descended from a younger son of the family afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, amounts to this, and nothing more.—The Popes, Earls of Downe, were of obscure origin. Sir Thomas Pope, the founder, the son of a poor and mean man at Deddington, in Oxfordshire, acquired his wealth out of the spoils of the ancient Church. Now surely it is a licence beyond what is claimed by the compilers even of our Books of Peerage, to assume that a man whose grandfather is not known is descended from some one who lived two centuries before, for as Sir Thomas left no issue, the connexion, if it existed at all, must be through the Deddington yeoman. It appears to us, that there is no more evidence to show that Alexander Pope was descended from either root or branch of the Downe family than would hold equally good for every other man of the name of Pope, provided he did not know, and we did not know, who was his grandfather.

The poet's maternal descent is much more clearly made out. The Turners appear to have been persons of property in the county of York, though not taking rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of them in the Herald's Visitations.

In 1603, says Mr. Hunter, a grant was made by the Crown to Lancelot Turner, of the manor of Towthorpe, and there he resided, although he appears about the same time to have had a house in York. It is more than probable that this Lancelot himself acquired the property which enabled him to make the purchase of the manor of Towthorpe. He appears to have died before the 17th of January, 1620, and by his will he bequeaths to William Turner, son of his brother Philip, all the manor of Towthorpe and lands there,—and also a rent-charge of 70*l.* a year, which he had issuing out of the manor of Ruston; this, it will be remembered, is the very rent-charge bequeathed by the elder Pope to the poet nearly a century later,—and he makes William Turner his executor. There is also a specific bequest of 50*l.* a year for life to Thomasine Newton, with some personals, including his "song-books." This Thomasine, as our readers know, soon after married William Turner, and became the mother of seventeen children, of whom Edith, Pope's mother, was one.

Why William Turner removed to Worsborough is not known; but there we find him from 1641 to 1645, as appears by the baptismal register of four of his children,—but he is presumed to have been only a tenant.

When he returned to York is not known, but he is believed to have been living there in the year 1665, where, says Mr. Hunter, he resided in the parish of St. John del Pike.

William Turner's will is dated the 4th of September, 1665. Mr. Hunter gives us a very interesting report of the surviving children mentioned therein. Of course, there was no

son surviving but William, who, as Pope said, died "a general officer" in Spain. The history of the "general officer" is not clearly made out. His age, if he were living in 1671, in York, as Mr. Hunter surmises, would preclude the probability of his having after that date acquired rank in the army in Spain. The William Turner in 1671, however, may have been the father, the time of whose death does not appear, Mr. Hunter having given us nothing but the date of his will above quoted.

When Mr. Carruthers' biography of the poet was under consideration, we expressed a hope that we should be enabled again to return to the subject. In this we have been disappointed; and, therefore, we shall take advantage of the present moment to correct an error. In that article we expressed a doubt whether Mr. Carruthers could have found in the original letter of the 13th of September, 1717, that passage which he interpreted as the "touch of pride." We are now assured—on authority which does not admit of a doubt—that the passage is in the original letter. We, however, were correct in stating that the published letter was a piece of literary mosaic. No letter written in September, 1717, could contain announcement of the death of Dr. Radcliffe, who died on the 1st of November, 1714; and there are other passages—and offensive passages, too—introduced into the published letter which are not in the original. Thus was the pitfall dug by Pope himself, into which friends and enemies, critics and biographers, must alike fall on occasions; and all that truth-seekers can do is to cry "ware hawk," for the safety of others.

We may here add, that our speculations upon the possibility of the Duchess of Marlborough having obtained through Pope the services of Dr. Hooke, to whom it is said she gave 1,000*l.* (Ruffhead says 5,000*l.*), and of this fact having given rise to the story of Pope's having received a bribe of that sum from the Duchess, are positively confirmed by the statement of Ruffhead, who says that Hooke "was by Pope and others recommended to her Grace."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Accession of Nicholas I. Compiled, by special command of the Emperor Alexander II., by Baron M. Korff, and translated from the original Russian. (Murray).—The original work, from which this is a translation, was reviewed from a copy obtained from St. Petersburg, in the *Athenæum* for September 26, some weeks before the English version appeared. The statement, therefore, made in the title-page of the present volume, that it is "published simultaneously in Russia, England, France, and Germany," is rather positive than accurate. The translation before us is evidently made, as it is described in the title-page, "from the original Russian," and is executed both with fidelity and spirit;—it is a pity, however, that the translator did not consider his duties to extend to the rendering into English the large quantity of French which occurs in the original narrative. There are altogether about fourteen or fifteen pages of that language scattered over the book, including much that it is necessary to understand to comprehend the context. Not a syllable of it is left in the original without a Russian translation for the benefit of the Russian reader,—not a syllable of it is translated in the English version for the benefit of the English. It is assumed, in fact, that every English reader who takes this book in hand will, as a matter of course, possess a perfect knowledge of French; in which case it is not easy to see why the version in French, which is published simultaneously, will not answer his purpose. That, at the time when we are boasting of the extension of our language in both hemispheres, among yearly increasing millions,

such things as this should be so managed by the parties who manage them in England, is certainly a very remarkable circumstance. When Mr. Millard Fillmore, the late American President, paid his visit to Europe, after the termination of his presidency, we heard him express his surprise at the unaccountable obstinacy with which the English authors and publishers appear to make it a point of conscience to drive, if possible, every reader of English to study French. He declared it to be his conviction that many American readers were now imbibing French notions of the whole course of the war against Napoleon, in the place of English, because by this singularly anti-patriotic English practice they were obliged to read Thiers, instead of Alison.—Thiers having been rendered into English, while Alison could not be read satisfactorily without a knowledge of French. Even the assumption that every Englishman who reads at all, reads French without difficulty, even this he found it hard to believe—and we took the liberty of assuring him it was ridiculously false;—but he knew that on the other side of the Atlantic the very first men in station and mental power had often given no study to that language, and, of course, were incapable of comprehending a French sentence. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were both unable to do so. To these, and men like these, it was a constant annoyance to find themselves balked in the pursuit of information by an absurd affectation on the part of some writers who, if they reflected at all, must perceive that to use two languages, instead of one, could not possibly operate otherwise than to diminish the number or the pleasure of their readers. In cases where a foreign quotation is necessary, there can absolutely be no objection whatever to accompanying it with a translation but the mere additional space that it occupies. Unless our publishers are very desirous to circumscribe the number of their customers, and throw a strong advantage into the hands of piratical publishers abroad, it would be well for them to take to heart the suggestions of Mr. Fillmore. We observe that the Messrs. Routledge, who are printing both for the English and American markets, have been careful, in a volume of Bulwer we took up the other day, to introduce translations of all the scraps of French or Italian that occur in it.

Love in Light and Shadow. 2 vols.—*Katherine Evering*, by the Author of 'Mr. Arle.'—*Sister Anne*, by the Author of 'Ethel.' (Edinburgh, Hogg).—These two carefully-written stories are both of them re-printed from a Scotch magazine—both are very good stories, and show a facility of handling and eliciting from simple incidents considerable interest. They are perhaps a little too didactic—there is a tendency to preach, but it is rather as a caution than as a present fault that we say this.—'Sister Anne' is our favourite—the story is pleasanter and goes lighter in hand. Sister Anne herself is a charming young woman in whose happiness at the end of the book we sincerely rejoice. We feel to have made acquaintance with a real woman, and one not too bright and good, but as good as we would ever wish to see. The picture of the disorganized family interior, the economical difficulties and household perplexities are sketched with spirit and pleasantness. Mr. Dynevor is an excellent sketch of a literary man, and his wife is equally well done. Helen, the beauty sister, with her spoiled ways, is true to human nature in general, and to the favoured child in particular. The whole story is clear and interesting, and has an excellent tendency. We recommend it to all young people.—'Katherine Evering' is a more ambitious story, with a graver moral; but not so successful as the 'Sister Anne.'

Blanche's Wanderings; or, the Guiding Hand. By Mary Stuart Hall. (Brown & Co.)—If 'The Guiding Hand' had been equal to the duty of conducting this story to the flames instead of the publisher's, the authoress would have had cause for gratitude. Blanche is a young woman of transcendent foolishness, a sort of incarnated Book of Beauty for loveliness and fine clothes, married to the man of her heart, who adores her; and with everything that the vanity of woman can desire around her, she listens for one evening only to the voice of a cousin who is in delicate health, and

still more delicate reputation, who wears a "gorgeous smoking cap," and who on that fatal evening, when her husband had gone to "plead the cause of humanity" at a philanthropic meeting, reads to her, out of "Lalla Rookh" and with such fatal effect that "bending beneath the spell-eye, lip-dilating nostril, and bosom whose heaving moved the shouldered lace,—all telling how that voice, those words so thrillingly uttered, woke up her soul!" All this comes to pass suddenly and accidentally, "quite promiscuous," as servants say, without any sort of preparation; and in the next chapter, not half-a-dozen lines further on, Blanche has eloped from her husband's house in a low velvet dress, not even stopping to remove "the golden pins from her hair," nor to pack up any of the necessities of life in a bandbox, as even the most improvident of heroines were wont to do. She embarks on board a yacht, and begins to repent as unexpectedly as she had run away! She discovers, too, that her lover has run away with her for spite, and has not the least wish for her society. Fine clothes go for half the matter with the authoress. "The gold pins fall out of her hair," and the folds of the black velvet robe are gathered up and described as if they were the emotions of a mortal crisis. Later on, after shipwreck and repentance, she seeks her husband's home on foot through a heavy rain, "which came wearing wildly down, drenching her heavy velvet robe;" and when her husband receives her and forgives her, and tells her to walk in, our pity is again sought for that "black velvet dress—fit hue for so broken a heart—its sweeping skirt was deeply soiled with the mud it had gathered as it trailed along that lonely road,"—whilst "the hair, whose purple bloom the mirror had once so truly reflected, was trailing and heavy with the beating rain." These millinery and matrimonial sorrows are ended by a death-bed around which all the good people of the book are grouped, who one and all merit a testimonial of barley-sugar, and Blanche dies, declaring her intention of going to heaven. The grammar in which the tale is told is on a par with the incidents recorded. The book is, on the whole, about the most nonsensical and sentimental rubbish we have encountered since the days of the novels of Anne of Swansea or the pages of 'The Mysterious Freebooter.'

Court Secrets: a Novel. 3 vols. By Mrs. Thomson. (Hurst & Blackett.)—The novel begins with a promising "court secret," but the reader is dragged away from the heart of the mystery, and obliged to keep the company of prosaic individuals of middle rank in England, who, being bores from their birth by the right divine and prescriptive of dullness and little wit, are wearisome exceedingly when chronicled in print. The book might have been made a very interesting one, but, like so many other precious and provoking "night have beens," it misses being pleasant, and realizes nothing but respectable mediocrity. The story consists of three ill-united plots, which all drag on their own length, and the authoress does not succeed in making them blend their web into any sort of unity. There is a shadowy mystery kept up about the heroine suggesting the question of who was her mother? A constant run of misunderstanding betwixt her and the hero, or, rather, no understanding at all. A father whose antecedents are never comfortably explained, but who never appears to advantage, and who has had some bygone relations with a beautiful and wicked Countess Anna. There is Caspar Hauser and his mystery for a background; and, as we said before, a parcel of commonplace, not to say vulgar, English people to fill up the gaps,—materials that might have been used up for the delectation of novel readers. Miss Austen would have made something pleasant of the Ropers, the Capthorns, and the rest of that tribe. Dumas would have made good play with Caspar Hauser and the Countess Anna; whilst novelists of all classes would have shown themselves capable of making the most delightful woes, and of lacerating with a thrilling charm all the finest sensibilities of the heart. Out of such material as a young heroine nurtured in obscurity,—brought up in the darkest ignorance as to "the author of her being,"—and who discovers at last a persecuted angel on a death-bed

for her mother,—and who is claimed for his own by a fascinating scoundrel of a father. But Mrs. Thomson mixes all these ingredients badly. She is either unskilful or unlucky in the flavouring of them; to speak politely,—or "not to put too fine a point on the matter,"—*Court Secrets* is the reverse of a racy novel. Mrs. Thomson has talent: she has before now written good novels, every now and then she gives us excellent little bits of description, both of things and people; but taken as a whole the present novel reaches only that unenviable level when to have been either better or worse would have made the tale pleasanter to read.

Kiama: a Tradition of Hawaii. By James J. Jarves. (Low & Co.)—The story of this tradition is interesting. It is evidently the work of a man acquainted with the habits, manners, and customs of the people, as well as with the aspect of the country and scenery. Whether, as the author seems to believe, the shipwrecked vessel really belonged to the expedition by Cortes sent to explore the coast of California, from Tehuantepec, after the conquest of Mexico, we cannot undertake to determine. Two of the vessels were certainly never heard of again, and the winds and storms might, in the course of nature, carry them to the shores of the Sandwich Islands. The author embraces this theory, and builds an interesting story on this foundation. The book is inscribed to his Hawaiian majesty, Kamehameha the Fourth, to whom it must naturally be an interesting memorial of the early days of Hawaii.

The Highlanders of Glen Ora. By James Grant. (Brown & Co.)—This is another of Mr. Grant's stirring novels—full of incident, romance, and wild improbabilities; but all so vividly narrated, and with such seeming truth and reality, that the inherent impossibilities are overlooked. The reader accepts whatever he is told, and asks no inconvenient questions. Mr. Grant is like Alexandre Dumas in his facility of narration and the boldness of his incidents. Both belong to a theatrical school of fiction; but both will find more readers than critics, so long as it pleases them to continue to write. Mr. Grant's morality is, however, of the old-fashioned style. He neither plays with forbidden interests, nor tampers with questionable subjects:—in this respect his works are more healthy, and have a much better tendency, than those of the great Alexandre. A large portion of the adventures before us are laid during the late war; and it is curious to see how very far we have already left those events behind us. Sebastopol seems scarcely nearer to us than the Siege of Bhurtpore, or the taking of Seringapatam. 'The Highlanders of Glen Ora' will be a welcome addition to railway literature, and those who wish for a spirited romance of love and war may do worse than read it.

The Song of Hiawatha.—[*Der Sang von Hiawatha*]. By H. W. Longfellow. Translated by Ferdinand Freiligrath. (Stuttgart, Cotta; London, Williams & Norgate.)—The celebrated poem of Prof. Longfellow has awakened in Herr Freiligrath a remembrance of his own early days, when he astonished the Germans with songs of the desert and the kraal, and seemed the destined poet of uncivilized life. An old legend of Indian America would have been most acceptable to him then, and he evidently finds it acceptable now; for, after favouring the 'Morgenblatt' with a few fragmentary specimens, he has produced a complete and clever translation of the whole. The original metre he has, of course, preserved (what Teuton ever deviated in this respect?), and it will prove far less puzzling to the Germans than it did to the Americans and the English. Here we were tracing it to the Finns, and showing that the Kalevala was as familiar to us as the Iliad, when the Germans had been employing it for years as a form very convenient in narrative poetry.

The Indian Sepoy mutiny continues to yield its clusters of tracts and sermons of a more or less practical tendency. Some of the discourses preached on the Fast-day suggest, by their contents, that their authors had very recently and hurriedly got together a few random illustrations of Indian history, while others reflect the light of long and patient studies. We can do little more,

however, than mention the titles:—*India's Grievance and England's Duty*, by the Rev. John Hall, Brixton.—*Hope for India in England's God*, by the Rev. R. B. Boswell, B.A., Poplar.—*India and Retribution*, by the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A., Bognor.—*The Indian Mutiny: its Causes and Effects*, by the Rev. H. H. Chettle, Bolton.—*Humiliation in National Troubles*, and, *Prayer the Refuge of a Distressed Church*, by the Bishop of Calcutta.—*The Voice of the Lord*, by the Rev. G. Braithwaite, M.A., Chichester.—*The Quarrel of God's Covenant*, by the Rev. D. Margoliouth, Braintree.—*The Indian Mutiny*, by the Rev. A. Starkey, King's Lynn.—*The Crisis*, by the Rev. Dr. Day, Mendlesham.—*What Patriotism, Justice, and Christianity demand for India*, by the Rev. E. Kell, M.A., Southampton.—*God's Avenger; or, England's Present Duty in India*, by the Rev. J. Baillie, Langham Place.—and *India and the Church Missionary Society*, by the Rev. W. Marsh, D.D., Malvern. Many varieties of opinion and conjecture are represented in this body of sermons—tinged with a political and military spirit. Should they fall in the way of the general reader, he will accept their arguments with the necessary caution. We have also a few additional pamphlets on the same topic:—*The Indian Mutiny—Thoughts and Facts*, Anonymous.—*The Indian Mutinies accounted for*, by Joseph Archer, late of Lucknow, who holds an eclectic theory.—*India's Trouble: Is there not a Cause*, rather inflatedly written by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A.,—and, *A Bird's-Eye View of India: showing our Present Position, Danger, and Remedy*, by Lieut. Edward King, whose views are special, not to say narrow.

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THE CONWAY PAPERS.

7, Upper Gower Street, Nov. 12th.
THE attention of your readers has been directed to the Collection of Conway State Papers recently transferred to the State Paper Office. Among the small number of Miscellanæ which it contains, occurs the following curious document. It has no date, no title, no indorsement, except an address to Sir Edward Conway. It, therefore, depends entirely upon internal evidence for determination of its date and the circumstances which elicited it. My own opinion is, that it is a dialogue composed for recitation to James the First, his Queen and family, on the opening of the arcade of shops in the Strand, built by the Earl of Salisbury, and named "Britain's Bourse"† by James himself on April 11th, 1609. In reference to this event, Howe says:—"The first stone of this beautiful building was laid the 10th of June last past, and was fully finished in November following; and upon Tuesday, the 11th of April this year (1609) many of the upper shops were richly furnished with wares, and the next day after that, the King, Queen, and Prince, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Duke of York, with many great Lords and chief Ladies, came thither, and were there entertained with pleasant speeches, gifts and ingenious devices, and then the King gave it a name and called it Britain's Bourse." I shall be glad if any of your readers be able to confirm or contradict my conjecture that the following is among the "pleasant speeches" here alluded to. I am not aware that it is in print, nor have I met with another MS. copy. It contains much matter curiously illustrative of the domestic and social life of the period.

I am, &c. MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN.

The Key Keeper.

Now, beshrew my glad heart, Sir, but you are the welcomest man in this kingdom,—and beshrew my knave's heart if I bid any man half so welcome from another kingdom. Nay, my royal lady, you have a share too, and each of these a child's part, so far as God's blessing and a good heart's wish meets in Amen.

Your Majesty will pardon me,—I think you scarce know where you are now, nor, by my troth, can I tell you, more than that you may seem to be upon some land discovery of a new region here, to which I am your compass; and for that purpose have I walked the round this fortnight, in my present place and office, which office,—well (it makes my beard and hair greyer to mention it)—had I known it to have had half the trouble and vexation that I have felt in it, east and west should have looked to it for me,—I would never have breathed toward it. Why, believe it, my good Majesty, no ague is like it. The quotidian torture that I have endured here, from my great cousin the multitude, is beyond the tongue of man. 'Tis well known, Sir, I have been a man of some reckoning; I have kept both an inn and a tavern, and could entertain my guests in my velvet cap and my red taffeta doublet; and I could answer their questions and expound their riddles. But here, why I have had more interrogatories given me in one hour than all your law courts ever knew in a Michaelmas Term; and such things as an age of the wisest constables that ever were could not invent. About the houses, the rooms, the floor, the roof, the lights, the shops, the very bars and padlocks. Not a grain in the wainscot but they have had my affidavit for. I have been fain to swear myself out of breath, and yet not them into silence; and before the shops

were up, the perplexities that they were in for what it should be would have drawn a mourner's laughter upon them. One sort would have it a public bank, where money should be lent at five i' the hundred, upon the most easy security; but a scrivener swore he would lose his ears then. Another would have it a Lombard, to deal with all manner of pawns, but the broker would except stolen goods, or he would be hanged for it. A third would have it a storehouse for Westminster, of corn here above, and wood and sea-coal below, to pre-occupy the next great frost or a dear year, in despite o' the Almanack. But the retailers would none of that, they would knock their heads together i' the pillory first. A fourth would have it an arsenal for decayed citizens; but what should the City do with Ludgate then, quoth I? A fifth would have it a library, but it should be very private; the books locked up in chests all the year, save on Shrove Tuesday, when the bears are baited and the 'prentices let loose. A sixth sort would have it in studies for young returned travellers, and the walk below for them to discourse in; but they studied little and travelled less for that. A seventh would needs have it Typper's office,* and many a fair front built only to grace the street, and for no use. Where I wonder how such men could keep their brains from being guilty of imagining it rather a place to twist silk in, or make ropes, or play at shuttlecock, better than nothing. Well, if their ignorance help 'em not to mercy, I know not what can. I may fear mine own proper too, justly, for having been thus impertinent about 'em. But gladness is a talking thing, and I hope your Majesty will down all offence in your welcome. Some of our shopkeepers are come here, and one or two of 'em are furnished, especial our China man.

Shop Boy.—"What do you lack, what is't you buy? Very fine China stuffs of all kinds and qualities. China chains, China bracelets, China scarfs, China fans, China girdles, China knives, China boxes, China cabinets, caskets, umbrellas, sun-dials, hour-glasses, looking-glasses, burning-glasses, concave glasses, triangular glasses, convex glasses, crystal globes, waxen pictures, ostrich eggs, birds of Paradise, musk-cats, Indian mice, Indian rats, China dogs and China cats. Hanks of silk, mosaic fishes, waxen fruit, and Porcelain dishes. Very fine cages for birds, billiard balls, purses, pipes, rattles, basins, ewers, cups, cans, volders, tooth-picks, targets, falchions, beards of all ages, vizards, spectacles, Sir, what do you lack?"

The Master.—"Peace, Sirrah. Do it more gently. What, lack you nobilities? Please you to take a nearer view of these excellencies. Examine but some parcels of the particulars, and run over the rest upon the full speed of your eye. A few shelves, somewhat thin and rarely furnished, I confess; but if all the Magazines of Europe afford the like, I will shrink this poor head into my shop, and never more be seen above board. You have divers other China-houses about the town, I know, and that have been honoured with the visitation of great persons, no less than this. But alas! what ha' they? What variety can they produce? Featherers, cockle-shells, wooden daggers? Trash! Dutch trenchers? A few of these dishes counterfeited! you'll faintly give me credit now; not a piece of porcelain about this town but is most false and adulterate, except what you see on this shelf. These are right; such as the Grand Signior eats in. I assure you, on my sincerity, you can put no poison in these, but they presently break or discolour, out of a natural disloyalty to man. These are made of the true earth, first contused in a mortar, and then ground in a mill; after put into your lake or cistern, and then macerated till the hardness be conquered; then take they the cream o' the top (as your house-wife makes butter) and form it into what fashion they list; and while it is melting in the furnace, paint it with these figures, and give it perpetuity of what colour they please. Some hold the matter is working fourscore or a hundred years (ere it come to maturity) in a confused mass, and is left by the grandsire, or the great-grandson, to the nephews at three descents, as an immediate portion, to make 'em rich. Here is a

* William Typper, agent for compositions for defective titles of Crown-lands.

piece of it now, translucent as amber, and subtler than crystal; he had need ha' no gout, chilblains in his fingers, that drinks out of this—'tis for the hand of a king's daughter, or a queen of Egypt—your great-fisted groom should sup out of a pipkin. Here's a second rarity, a concript salt-cellar, an elephant with a castle on his back; where,—beside the art of the artificer in the whole dimensions, the spreading of the ears, winding the proboscis, mounting of the tusks, and architecture of the castle,—do but observe his ingine.* Why an elephant more than any other creature? He might have made it a mule, a camel, or a dromedary; but the elephant being the wisest beast, it was fit he should carry the salt from 'em all: for by salt is understood wisdom. *Sal sapit omnia*. Then here's a dog—a fine, gentle, delicate thing for the chamber, and no less close than cleanly. He will neither bark at you, bite you, nor bewray you, but with silence defend you, and is an excellent emblem of friendship according to the Poet,

As faithful, wise, and valiant as a dog.

Nor have you a less elegant moral in this cat, for

Look as your cat playeth with the mouse,

The play of your cat is the death of your mouse.

O your Chinese! The only wise nation under the sun. They had the knowledge of all manner of arts and letters many thousand years before any of these parts could speak. Sir John Mandeville was the first that brought science from thence into our climate, and so dispersed it into Europe, and in such hieroglyphics as these. Here be other mysteries too. The statue of the Spring, as she was in Paradise, innocent and lovely. A fan of the feathers of Juno's bird, that were once the eyes of Jealousy, and now the servants and safe-guards of Beauty. I assure you, he that would study out the allegory of a China-shop might stand worthily to be the rector of an academy. Old Bartholomew† of the propriety of things, and Pliny‡ in English, are nothing to it; nor the story of Birds and Beasts with the wooden pictures; nor the Peg, Meg, or Margaret of the philosophers. There is a book now—it is but a little one, you see—but there is in this book to tickle the best head of England, and yet to keep his hair from turning grey, by a certain virtue in the Scolopendra's bone to repel sadness, whereof this comb is made. I have other delicacies too, as cabinets that you can scarcely fathom, yet weigh but eighteen ounces avoirdupois; volders for your table, that have the true receipt of the Turkey varnish; carpets wrought of Parakito's feathers; umbrellas made of the wing of the Indian butterfly; ventolas of flying-fishes' fins; hangings of the island of Coqui, which, being but a natural cobweb of that country, lasts longer than your gilt leather; paper made of the barks of trees, and ink to carry dry in your pocket; and thousand such subtleties, which you will think to have cheap now at the next return of the Hollanders' fleet from the Indies. But, I assure you, my factors from Leghorn have advertised that Ward, the man of war, (for that is now the honourable name for a pirate), hath taken their greatest hulk; and in their second, with a cross-bar shot, hath made such a spoil in the porcelain, as it is thought they will come home very much dissatisfied; therefore, an you please, my commodities shall not beg to be sold.

Here be glasses, too, that I had almost forgot, but that my boy supped at—First a triangular, which laid thus, shews you all manner of colours by refraction, and instructs you in the true natural cause of the rainbow; a convex that diminisheth fairs, and make your lady look like the queen of fairies, and your knight like your grand-duke of pigmies; a concave that augments them. This glass would have made the great Dutchman look more like a Saracen than he did—and was invented to help a lean face cut out of a cherry-stone, or the despair of a beard on a barren chin. Then here's a spectacle! an excellent pair of multiplying eyes—and were made at request of an old patriarch of usurers in town here, to see his money come home in, and sit brooding over the heap. Your epicure buys them, too. But here's my jewel,

For ingenuity.

† Bartholomew de Glanvilla of the Properties of Things. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1498.

‡ Translated by Philemon Holland, 1601.

† There is a paper in the State Paper Office, Dom. Corresp., March, 1609, No. 46, in which several names are suggested for the new buildings:—"Cecil's Alley," "Salisbury Plain," "Annabell," or "Mercury's Market," alluding to its destination.

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my perspective. I will read you with this glass the distinction of any man's clothes, ten, nay twenty miles off;—the colour of his horse, cut or long tail, the form of his beard, the lines of his face—nay, if it be toward you, Sir Master, if it be but half a kernel, I care not, nay, I will tell you, by the moving of his lips, what he speaks, and in what language. If the sun shines anything strong, I will stand you in Covent Garden similarly, and decipher at Highgate the subtlest characters you can make, as easily as here. But I am promised a glass shortly, from a great master in the Calopteries, that I shall stand with o' the top of Paul's, when the new spire is built, and set fire on a ship twenty leagues at sea, in what line I will, by parabolic section. You may smile at this now, and think it nothing; but, I assure you, there is not that trifle in this whole shop that is not mysterious.

This file of vizards and beards, by some would be carelessly regarded, as being the common and vulgar ornaments of every milliner's shop, but I must clear it to you; there is no face here that hath not its morality, nor form of beard but I can derive from the time and place of their first original amongst us. This was the beard of Prince Arthur, in the citizens' show at Mile End, anno 24 of our late Queen, and came in with Monsieur * the same year, 81, and was worn with the German sleeves and devil's breeches. Had it not been pity that king Rience, of North-gate, should have furred his mantle with this princely beard, as it had like to be fallen on a Pentecost day? This Massaccio à la Turquia came in a year or two before, with Casimir, but was borrowed by the Duke of Shore-ditch in the same show, and indeed fell off after the first hot service in the Low Countries, what time the kettle-drum breeches were dis-bombasted in the streets, by public commandment. This shaven cheek and pickar-devant came over with an Italian marquis, and was worn, as I remember, with the short round hose and the long canon, by the worthy Earl of Pancridge, Alderman Ofley, when I was a boy, and long after; and had it been in request, especially with revellers, but that the martial aspect of this Calais beard, together with the cloak-bag slope and† confined to the chins of Attorneys' and Brewers' clerks, where it remains at this day to be seen. I could make you more upward allusions, as to the Four Monarchies, where were a Maccabean with an Alexandrian and a Caesarean beard, but I will content myself with a modern animadversion; only deciphering the scale or degree of a parish. First, here the stubbed brown beard, for the scavenger's beard; then your close and worn upper lip, for your ale-comer's beard, somewhat cropped in the fall like the apron of a gutter; the third is your coal-meter's beard, somewhat black and dusty; the fourth your head-borough's, that (is) an imperfect beard, but looking for more authority; the fifth a ripe and mature beard, and being the collector for the poor, will not spare a hair. This sixth a commanding beard, and only proper for the constable; this seventh the side-man's, being long and of two colours; the eighth inclining to white, the church-warden's, he being religious while he is in office. The ninth a careless beard, fit for the deputy or a Burgess; and the tenth is Death, the barber of the parish, a made shaver, who makes them all like himself. So much for that shelf.

Then for chemical plate, it is not possible to equal; for setting the rest and the Goldsmiths' mark aside, I'll uphold it better than the authentic. There's the true colour without contradiction; the radiant lustre that dazzleth the eyes of the beholder; then it exceeds it in lightness and a mechanical neatness of the workmanship, but the humbleness of the price disgraceth the value of the thing. I uttered some 9l. worth of it to a poor inn-keeper, that before, God knows, had no plate in his house, but a casting bottle and two Apostle spoons that were given his wife by the gossips of her first child; and now he serves in the night-livery to all his guests, even from the pedlar, upwards. Had he furnished himself thus of a gold-

smith, it would have cost him more than he is worth, and been in perpetual danger of thieves.

But now I come to that will speak for itself. Here is an instrument that hath in it the figures of the sun and moon, a clock, and other excellent properties. You will say I am a Daedalus ere I have done, too; nay, I assure you, it plays alone, without the help of a second. This is the motion of Joseph and the ass and the Three Kings of Cologne. You shall see it come again straight. They tell bold tales of the statue of Memnon and the bell in Dodona. I have a statue, too, of Apollo here will do something. Now, if thou be'st the god of music, let's hear thee.

Song.

If to your ear it wonder bring
To hear Apollo's statue sing
'Gainst Nature's law, ask this great king,
And his fair queen, who are the proper cause;
It is not Wisdom's power alone
Or Beauty's that can move in stone,
But both so high in this great king,
And his fair queen do strike the harmony,
Which harmony hath power to touch
The dullest earth, and make it such
As I can now to this great king,
And his fair queen, whom none to praise knows how
Except with silence, which, indeed,
Doth in truest admiration bress;
And that can I to this best king,
And his best queen, in my last notes, and die.

I would my antagonist at Eltham were here now, to hear what he would say. This is past the heat of hands, or the beams of the sun.

Well, Sir, you look like a man that would give good hansell, if you like this instrument. I am going shortly to Virginia, to discover the insects of that country, the kind of fly they have there,—and so overland for China, to compare him for commodity, and but see where Paradise stood, and bring off the birds alive home (perhaps I will call upon Prester John by the way); if you will give me twenty shillings for one at my return, it is yours. I'll make no price with you, any man shall value it. I'll send it you home. And, Madam, let me have a mart with you, too. Here's a picture that I do value at something, both for the matter, and that which exceeds it, the workmanship. It is the salutation of the blessed Virgin by the angel Gabriel, with the choir of other angels applauding it. This, if you please, I venture with you upon the same terms. You look like a good customer, too, and a good paymaster to boot; I must fit you with somewhat. Oh, an there were a Bucephalus now! What would not an Alexander give for this? It is the whole furniture for a horse, and for a proud horse, indeed. 'Tis yours upon the same mart, Sir. If there be honours or beauties else here that will like and take of me, I will ask no other security but their good words and fair hansells, and God make me rich, which is the seller's prayer,—ever was and will be.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A discussion, somewhat personal, has been raging in the newspapers, on the subject of the examinations conducted by the Society of Arts. The late Chairman of the Council, who has retired on a written requisition of the members, would appear to have sanctioned the mis-statement that the Council proposed to discontinue the Examinations. This, our readers will be glad to find, is not the fact. The new Chairman, in his address on Wednesday last, put the matter plainly. "The Council," he said, "have never entertained the notion of suppressing the Board of Examiners, or of discontinuing the Examinations, or of connecting them with the Government. The Council are about to put them upon a footing which will render them capable of being extended to any degree that the Institutes in union may require. The pupils of commercial schools will no longer be admitted to the Examinations which are designed for the Institutes united to us. By what we now propose, the growth of local authority in education will be developed; and it may be hoped that out of these measures may grow an important incorporation of Institutes, based on local authority, and capable of meeting exactly their wants in regard to education. The amended programme for the Examinations of 1858 will be published with the least possible delay. The Prize Fund for 1853 will take effect over

the whole range of the Union, and may, therefore, with advantage, be large. The Council will be happy to receive contributions to this fund. The Council are strongly of opinion that, while the incidental business of the Examiners should be managed by the Council and their officers, and not thrown on the Examiners, those gentlemen should not any longer be asked to render their valuable services in the real work of examination without a fair honorarium." This is decisive.

A second attempt to launch the Leviathan on Thursday failed. The hydraulic power brought to bear on it was so enormous, that the piles on which it rests were crushed. But the ship itself remained and remains immovable.

French speculation has very kindly taken English interests in hand at each end of Europe. M. Lesseppe means to strengthen our power in India by piercing the Isthmus of Suez. M. Gamond means to marry us to Continental civilization by a submarine railway from Calais to Dover. We are much obliged for good intentions, even when they take forms so visionary as a proposal to roll tides over a desert and shoot express-trains under the sea,—but as we ourselves prefer to keep a strip of desert between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and twenty miles of sea-sickness between the Camp of Boulogne and the orchards of Kent, our allies must not expect us to help them with our money. We shall duly inform our readers when the Suez Canal is opened; and we venture even now to prophesy that this event will occur on the very day when the submarine railway is open from England to France.

The Chrysanthemums and the Christmas Books come in together. The Temple Gardens scarcely look so gay as our reading-table, though both are a-blaze with gold and crimson. Most showy, perhaps,—as becomes the laureate of gems and flowers,—is 'Poetry and Pictures from Thomas Moore' (the gift-book offered by the house of Longman), the illustrations being furnished by Messrs. Mac-lise, Cope, Cropsey, and Birket Foster, each in his easiest, ablest manner,—the style best suited to the gay humour and airy seriousness of one who sang the 'Song of the Peri,' and sighed over the tale of the 'Light of the Harem.' Scarcely less gaudy in binding, and still more rich in show, is the gift of Mr. Paul Jerrard, 'Butterflies in their Floral Home; with Butterfly Fables, indited by a Dreamer in the Woods,'—a dazzling display of garden art, in which is written a delightful chapter of our island natural history, and the mingled lights and dyes of our summer atmosphere are brought together. The 'Shipwreck,' by William Falconer, a gloomy subject for a Christmas gift, has been chosen by the Messrs. Black as a theme for the illuminating pencil of Mr. Birket Foster, who is here alone in his glory,—graceful, sumptuous, terrible by turns, a true poet, working out emotions with the pencil instead of the pen. The poem is a good poem, and is daintily reproduced. The same various genius has toyed, at the instance of the Messrs. Kent & Co., at the poetical prose story of 'Kavanagh,' by Mr. Longfellow, and with his usual excellence and success. Shall we say, however, that the eye begins to weary a little of the monotonous perfection of this drawing-room art?

Mr. Albert Smith re-opens the Egyptian Hall on Monday with an illustrated Ascent of Vesuvius. Mr. Wyld has added to the many attractions of the Great Globe a series of new pictures of Lucknow, and other scenes of terrible Indian interest. At the Polytechnic, Mr. Pepper is lecturing, in a popular and amusing style, 'On the History of a Scuttle of Coals,'—in which he contrives to render pleasant a great deal of scientific matter.

The following note is written in answer to Mr. Albert Smith's charge. We leave it to tell its own tale:—

9, Bell Square, Finsbury, Nov. 16.

"Mr. Albert Smith's letter in last Saturday's *Athenæum* reminds one of the adage about a certain bird. He is the first author that has boldly ventured to decry his own productions. Having sold his copyrights to Mr. Bogue, who re-sold them to me, and, at the time of the sale, suggested the very use they are now put to, Mr. Albert Smith has no

* The Duke of Anjou.

† Sense incomplete—should probably be, "and doublet, made it confined."

right to damage my interest in the purchase. 'The Flirt' was written by him: and it is now published as he wrote it. No alteration, no interference with his authorship. Then I choose to publish under the general title of a Library. What is there wrong in that? Have I not as much right to start 'The Comic Library,' publishing therein Albert Smith's writings, the copyrights of which are mine, as others have to start 'Parlour,' 'Railway,' and 'Popular' Libraries, publishing therein any copyrights they may possess? Mr. Albert Smith's assertion, that the illustrations—seventy-five in number, and by Gavarni, Gilbert, and Herring—are 'long worn out' is alike at variance with fact and uncalled for. This assertion, moreover, is opposed to his own assumption that 'The Flirt' series was 'a failure,'—for if the book did not sell, and largely too, how could the woodcuts get 'worn out'? That the work was 'a hit,' in trade parlance, is evidenced by the fact that the late Mr. Bogue sold above 60,000 copies of it: and that Mr. Albert Smith thought it 'popular' is rather borne out by his asserted readiness to do an enlarged edition which was to be illustrated by Leech and to be printed by Vizetelly.—Yours, &c., "JOHN MAXWELL."

—We have received a similar letter of explanation and disclaimer from Mr. Kent, which it is obviously unnecessary for us to print.

Sir E. B. Lytton has been re-elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Death has taken from us, in the Rev. Philip Bliss, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, a gentleman who has done useful literary work. His edition of Wood's 'Athens' was a very creditable work in its day; though the ardency of modern biographical research has rendered a new edition possible and desirable. His 'Diary of Thomas Hearne' is of equal merit; and from circumstances is not so likely to be superseded by a new edition. He died at Oxford, on Wednesday, leaving a vacancy in the conservative ranks of the University.

We are asked to state that the little volume of 'Literary Gleanings,' which we last week announced as having reached a second edition, is, properly speaking, a "second series" of the volume which originally appeared under the same title. We read the words "second thousand" on the title-page, which words, by literary use, mean (or ought to mean) second issue.

A friend of ours, who is rather given to what he calls systematic analysis, complains to us of an interruption which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The little shoeblacks, he says, not content with one distinct intimation of the proximity of renovating power, are becoming accustomed to an itinerant enforcement of their claims to attention, and to make themselves, as it were, a running commentary on the want of cleanliness in the lower parts of every subject they meet with. Now, our friend says, that if there be a point upon which a man has the power of forming a definitive resolution, it is on the question whether he will or will not stop at a given moment and have his boots cleaned. He thinks there is no circumstance of life in which a dogmatical enunciation has a better claim to indicate a categorical intention. But this is not what he calls the Neo-peripatetic philosophy, the young teachers of which, he says, evidently believe that men are converted to a re-use of dim leather by appeals to the feelings and the conscience,—that, in fact, the young Spurgeons, if there be any, are these young teachers' natural colleagues. Why does not our friend drop philosophy for three minutes, and write to the *Times*?

One of the two cones of Vesuvius which our correspondence from Naples has from time to time described, has been blown into the air on the 20th of October, and the form of the mountain completely changed. Prof. Palmieri reports:—"On the morning of the 19th I heard from the Observatory, instead of the customary detonations, certain strange and undefinable sounds. On ascending to the top of the mountain, I found both of the small cones in full activity, and increased in size. The larger of them was closed up on the top, and had on one side a great elliptical aperture, whence it threw out, with considerable impetuosity, a body of smoke with the usual masses of lava. Every

now and then a more violent puff was heard, and from that fiery mouth was seen to issue a globe of smoke, which was projected vertically into the air in spite of a strong south-west wind. From this globe, which rose with marvellous rapidity, were seen to fall various streams of vapour in a somewhat curved form; a little after, in the middle of the globe, we began to perceive a circle, or ring, of denser smoke, so that the globe itself became a rarer atmosphere, which shortly disappeared, whilst there remained on high a distinct and well-defined ring, which appeared like a great 'glory,' formed of a metallic bar. After four or five minutes, this ring dissolved in vapour or smoke. These circles were during the day so frequent, that often three or four were seen at a time. Their diameter was about 4 or 5 metres, and they rose to a height of 450 metres. Up to this point, nothing new was observed, for the historians of the eruptions of Vesuvius, from Gortentius downwards, have frequently made mention of the phenomenon described above, and it had several times been perceived during the actual eruption,—but the peculiarity in the present instance was, that on the globe arriving at a certain height a continued curious noise was heard, which lasted for three or four minutes. I am doubtful whether to call it aerial or subterranean, for it appeared to come through the air, whilst it roared beneath my feet. It resembled the rolling sounds which sometimes accompany earthquakes. In the meanwhile the lava continued to empty itself copiously into the valley of 1850,—but on the summit of the cone it ran secretly under the scorie of the old lava, across which I frequently saw close by me a rivulet of most vivid fire; so that I could at leisure repeat my experiments on the temperature and on the physical qualities of flowing lava not yet covered with scorie. Whilst waiting for the hardening of the lava, I witnessed the origin of those incidents which in scorie are usually admired. These facts took place late in the evening,—and about ten o'clock the fire appeared to approach rapidly to its termination, for the lava stopped, the smoke became slight and less impetuous, and the fire could scarcely be perceived at the mouths of the crater. On the morning of the 20th ult. the fire appeared altogether finished. But towards eight o'clock a sudden roar was heard, and immediately a dense cloud of red smoke was seen upon the crater, with an enormous quantity of burning stones, which, falling on the cone, glittered half way down its height. Three persons were at that moment on the crater, but, thank God, they were not hurt, yet as they remained all night on the mountain, it was generally believed that they had been killed. They came down on the morning of the 21st, when I ascended, and they recounted what it had been their good fortune to see. That great burst, or roar, had carried into the air the whole of the western cone, the one, in fact, which on the preceding day had vomited forth the globes above described, and which was upwards of thirty metres in height. The cone having disappeared, an immensely large pit, of no great depth, remained. At the foot of the remaining edge of one of the great craters of 1850, I found upon the sand an animal recently dead, which had had its hair burnt up to the tail, and the belly turned yellow from the action of acids. It appeared to me to be a rat (*ghiro*), though without the tuft at the end of the tail, which perhaps had been burnt off. The terrible explosion, therefore, of the night of the 20th of October scarcely cost the life of a rat. A small quantity of lava was ejected by that burst, and the conflagration appeared to be finished,—but on the morning of the 22nd, the mouths showed renewed activity, and from the mouth, of which I spoke above, fragments of lava issued, with frequent and moderate detonations. The lava which has been thrown up during this long and continued burning of the mountain has elevated the cone to a level above the Punta del Palo, which may be said to have disappeared. It has re-covered the cone from west to east, passing northwards, and changing the form of it. It has spread very much in the Altro del Cavallo, and covered over that of 1850 and 1851. The cones which appeared in 1850 have disappeared under the new lava, which has occa-

sioned the loss of that light scorie, commonly called Pumice, a material of great value for the construction of roofs. I have never lost sight of the 'fumavole' of lava; and, without descending into minute scientific particulars on this subject, shall content myself with saying, that I have proved the formation of sal ammoniac on the sides of the Vesuvian cone, contrary to the common belief of the learned, and that in some lava I have found the chloride of barium amongst the first sublimates more copiously than the alkaline chlorides."

ADAM AND EVE.—DUBUFFE'S GREAT PICTURES, 'The Temptation' and 'The Fall,' are NOW ON VIEW at the French Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, OPENS on MONDAY NEXT, November 22.—Places can now be secured, without any extra charge, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, every day between Eleven and Four.

PROFESSOR WILGALBA FRICKEL, Physician to Her Majesty the Empress of Russia, begs to announce that he will give his Entertainment of Physical and Natural Magic, without the aid of any apparatus, entitled 'TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS,' at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, November 23, and every Evening during the week (Thursday excepted) at Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

The SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, gives his MAGNETIC SEANCES and CONSULTATIONS for Acute and Chronic Diseases, their Causes and Remedies, and on all subjects of interest, EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4—19, Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC—NEXT MONDAY EVENING, the 23rd, at Eight.—Mr. J. H. PEPER, F.R.S., A. Inst. C.E., will describe his DESCENT into a COAL-MINE, at a Lecture entitled 'A SCUTTLE OF COALS FROM THE PIT to the FIRESIDE,' in which special reference will be made to the LINDHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION, the various forms of SAFETY LAMPS, and the general working of COAL MINES. The Lecture will be plentifully illustrated with CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS and DISSOLVING DIAGRAMS, and PICTURES, on the usual grand Polytechnic scale, and will be repeated every Tuesday and Thursday, at 3, and Wednesday and Friday Evening, at a quarter to 8. THE REBELLION IN INDIA, one of the grandest series of DISSOLVING VIEWS ever shown.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 4.—Col. Portlock, R.E., President, in the chair.—R. White, Esq., was elected a Fellow.—The President announced that the notice read from the chair at the previous meeting (June 17, 1857), had been withdrawn by the proposers, and he read for the first time a notice duly signed and substituted for it. The following communications were read:—"On the Correlation of the Triassic and Permian Rocks of the Odenwald in the Vicinity of Heidelberg, and those of Central England," by E. Hull, Esq.—"On the Extinct Volcanos of Victoria, Australia," by R. Brough Smyth, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 10.—Mr. Gould exhibited and described several new species of birds from various parts of the world. He commenced by calling attention to three species of Australian birds, collected by Mr. Elsey during the recent Expedition under A. C. Gregory, Esq., from the Victoria River, on the north-west coast, to Moreton Bay. Two of these birds were of especial beauty and interest, viz. a *Psephotus* and a *Malurus*. The former is allied both to the *P. pulcherrimus* and *P. multicolor*, but differs from either among other characters by the rich yellow mark on the shoulder; and the *Malurus* is distinguished from all other members of its genus by its larger size, and by the beautiful lilac circle which adorns its crown. The third bird alluded to is a species of *Petroica*, allied to *Petroica superciliosa*, a bird discovered by the late Mr. Gilbert in the neighbourhood of the Beiderkin Lakes, and which with the present would admit of separation from the other species of the genus. For these birds Mr. Gould proposed the following names:—*Psephotus chrysopygius*, *Malurus coronatus*, *Petroica cerviniventer*. The next species to which he directed attention was a new hawk belonging to the genus *Spilornis*, and which differs remarkably from the *S. undulatus* or *Bacha* of the continent of India, and the *S. holosphilus* of Manilla. For this bird Mr. Gould proposed the appellation of *Spilornis rufipennis*. It was obtained in Macassar by Mr. Wallace. A new bullfinch of typical form was described under the name of *Pyrrhula aurantia*. For his knowledge of this pretty species Mr. Gould was in-

debited the 22nd Himal posed a larg others tuft. equato topogr colouri tion of Mr. G Paris, F6 de unnam dens, M. A the fa Domin state of differe tinguin and a leucoc has ha in its tinctu propos not y Sallivi extens New collect South specie lens. bird b is eve the co that l of bir gethe habita tion a added cie.—Richa 8. ar meeti pair mema In—J. paper Mach Sy chair quiti brou were Mr. the le and bour from tions more age c Sir retu and litho Desc tian comi Seve a G Egy and Mon. Tues —

debted to the researches of Dr. A. L. Adams, of the 22nd Regiment, who killed it in the Western Himalayas. For a new Motmot, Mr. Gould proposed the name of *Motmotus aquatorialis*. This is a large and robust species, and differs from all others in the broad spatulate feathers of the breast tuft. It was obtained at Arduona, near the equatorial line, in the Andes. A very fine *Odonotophorus*, remarkable for the rich chestnut red colouring of its under surface, received the appellation of *Odonotophorus hyperythrus*. For this bird Mr. Gould is indebted to the Messrs. Verreaux, of Paris, who obtained it in a collection from Santa Fé de Bogotà.—Mr. Slater read a note on an unnamed parrot, now living in the Society's gardens, and on some other species of the same family. M. Auguste Sallé having called his attention to the fact, that the white-fronted parrot of San Domingo, commonly regarded as the immature state of *Chrysotis leucocephala*, is, in truth, quite a different species from that bird. It may be distinguished at once by having no red on the throat, and a narrower white frontal band than the true *leucocephala*, which is from Cuba. M. Sallé, who has had ample opportunities of observing this bird in its natural state, is quite confident as to its distinctness. Under these circumstances, Mr. Slater proposed to call the San Domingo bird, which has not yet received a specific designation, *Chrysotis Salléi*, as a just tribute to one who has made such extensive discoveries in the natural history of the New World. Mr. Slater also read a paper on a collection of birds received by M. Sallé from Southern Mexico, in which he described a new species of *Diopterus*, under the name of *D. excellens*. The author's attention was called to this bird by M. Jules Verreaux, whose experienced eye is ever active in distinguishing new species. At the conclusion of his paper, Mr. Slater observed that M. Sallé had, at his request, drawn up a list of birds met with by him in San Domingo, together with some interesting observations on their habits. He had taken some pains in the verification of the nomenclature of M. Sallé's list, and added a few observations on the range of the species.—The Secretary read a paper by Sir John Richardson, M.D., on a new species of *Siphonognathus*, which he characterized under the name of *S. argyrophanes*.—The Secretary exhibited to the meeting drawings of the Honduras turkeys, and a pair of very young pumas, now living in the menagerie.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 17.—J. Locke, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Conversion of Wood by Machinery,' by Mr. G. L. Molesworth.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Nov. 10.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. A number of curious and valuable antiquities, as also some original Papyri recently brought from Egypt by Sir Charles Nicholson, were exhibited.—Mr. Bonomi, and afterwards Mr. Sharpe, gave descriptions of the Pyramids, the locality in which they stood, and of the tombs and other remnants of antiquity in their neighbourhood, illustrated by the panoramic view taken from the great work of Lepsius. These descriptions were followed by an interesting discussion, more particularly in reference to the comparative age of the different Pyramids of Ghiza, in which Sir Charles Nicholson, Dr. Hodgkin (recently returned from the East), Dr. Tienleth, Dr. Camps, and others, took a part.—Dr. Bell exhibited two lithographed genealogical plates of the Royal Descendants of the Twenty-second and other Egyptian Dynasties, intended to illustrate a forthcoming translation of a work by Dr. Lepsius.—Several donations were announced,—among others, a German translation of Mr. Sharpe's 'History of Egypt,' by Dr. Jolowicz.—Thomas Sopwith, Esq., and Sir Charles Nicholson were elected members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mox. Royal Academy, 8.—'Anatomy,' by Prof. Partridge.
 — Geographical, 8.—'Progress of the British North American Exploring Expedition, under Mr. Faller,'—Reports from the Expedition to East Africa, under Capt. Burton and Speke.
 Tues. British Meteorological, 7.—General and Council.
 — Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Discussion on Mr. Molesworth's paper, 'On the Conversion of Wood by Machinery.'
 — Zoological, 5.

- Wed. Society of Arts, 8.—'On the Food Grains of India,' by Dr. Walton.
 — Royal Society of Literature, 8.
 — British Archaeological, 8.—'On Gold Torques and other Celtic Remains, recently found in England,' by Mr. Cumming.—'On a Remarkable Chapelle de Fer,' by Mr. Planche.
 Thurs. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal, 8.

FINE ARTS

Galleries and Cabinets of Art in Great Britain; being an Account of more than Forty Collections of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, MSS., &c. &c. visited in 1854 and 1856, and now for the first time described. By Dr. Waagen. (Murray.)

Dr. Waagen has favoured us with a further instalment of his notes on the riches belonging to the world of Art in Great Britain, in the shape of a ponderous fourth volume to his work published three years ago. It contains descriptions of several galleries of importance, which he certainly was not justified in having left out of his former volumes, inasmuch as the collections existed then and were quite as prominent as they are at present. Others also, it must be admitted, being important, but less known, required longer time to gain the Doctor's attention. Dr. Waagen has availed himself of this opportunity to insert additions to his former descriptions of particular galleries,—and in some cases we find him avowing his opinions to have totally changed. The volume is, nevertheless, far from complete, and requires at the same time a great amount of pruning and revision. The phraseology is frequently awkward, and becomes troublesome at last from the unvaried repetition of particular terms, such as "very attractive" and of "animated conception." His description of antique bronzes includes the use of the word "epidermis" instead of patina, and the term "incunabula" when speaking of the earliest printed books; but so used as if it belonged exclusively to the "speculum Christiani" then under consideration.

Our author, "through the kind intervention" of Mr. William Russell, "accomplished" a visit to Woburn Abbey, in 1856, and was "assisted in his researches by a very civil housekeeper," the very opposite of one whom he described on a former occasion.

Many of the pictures described in these pages came subsequently into the Manchester Exhibition, where all were seen in an excellent light; but the notes here published were evidently taken whilst the pictures were in their comparative obscurity at home. Otherwise, we are sure Dr. Waagen would never have written of the Titian Magdalen contributed to Manchester by Mr. Sanders—

"The same composition which occurs so frequently on a larger and smaller scale, painted originally for the Duke of Mantua, and of which the master doubtless made several repetitions. Of these this may be considered one of the best both in animation of conception and depth of feeling, in the transparency of the deep golden tones, and in the full and spirited execution. This is the most important picture of the collection."

—Or of a little, so-called Poussin, also seen in good light as No. 614 of the Manchester Exhibition,

"The forms are refined, the motives elevated, the colouring of unusual vivacity and clearness, and the finish great."

We find, however, on turning to the latest edition of Dr. Waagen's 'Manchester Walk; or, Notes on the Exhibition,' that his admiration of 'The Magdalen,' No. 261, is deliberate, and that his rapture, if anything, increases. He says:—"Of the many repetitions of this subject by the master, this picture is one of the finest. The sentiment is noble, the colour very warm, the execution spirited."

All we can say is, "we are surprised at it!" He lays down one admirable rule to himself, and prepares us to expect the benefit of it in the Preface to his new volume:—

"The reflection that time would impart an especial value to this work has induced me, as far as leisure possibly permitted, to give such a description of every work of Art as might suffice in future to identify it."

For the most part, his descriptions are cleverly given; but we occasionally meet with cases of gross carelessness and instances where no description at all would be better than a false one,

which actively misleads. Thus, in looking through his account of the pictures at Brocklesby, belonging to Lord Yarborough, he particularizes one:—

"Albano.—Six amorini occupied sharpening their arrows on an anvil, and shooting at a mark."

Now, with the exception of the two cupids shooting, he has missed his description entirely. No cupids are sharpening their arrows; they are heating them in the flames of torches on the ground,—and there is no anvil at all. The fact is, these cupids form groups, which belong to the well-known compositions of the Elements by Albano. The Doctor has recognized them; but, on referring to the engraving afterwards, has selected the wrong portions. Such slips, however, would prove serious impediments to the future identification of pictures. Again, we find another example of false description in the little book we have just opened, the second edition of Waagen's 'Notes on the Manchester Exhibition.' Speaking of No. 355—a Carlo Dolci—he particularizes it as "The Virgin and the Child, as a small picture, adorned by Saints." The subject, in reality, is, the Virgin, attended by two female saints, giving a full-length picture of St. Dominic to the superiors of a convent. There is no child at all in the whole composition, and the small picture in the centre does not represent the Madonna. This false description we trace back to his third volume of the 'Art-Treasures'; but in the recent instance, with the picture before him, these slips are inexcusable. The celebrated Windsor Castle picture of the Misers was assigned, in the same Notes, to the Liverpool Royal Institution as possessors. Even the very faulty Exhibition Catalogue approached correctness nearer than the instances above cited; and we observe these differences with regret, since it must seriously tend to diminish our trust in the author's labour and exactitude on other points. That his undertaking is eminently useful we cannot deny; but, at the same time, we may express our conviction that in a very few years a fresh editor will reap much credit by producing a new issue. If judiciously pruned, verified, and brought under one index, as well as printed in more portable form, the work would have been a real boon, not to connoisseurs only, but to the student and working artists also, whose means are limited, but whose interest in such information is more than equal to that of all the rest.

We have before spoken of the undertaking as yet far from completely achieved. We still look in vain for notes on the fine collections of Mr. Perkins of Sevenoaks, Mr. Loyd of Croydon, Mr. Maud of Bath, Mr. Abraham Darby of Stoke, Mr. Edwards of Bulstrode Park, Prof. Solly, Mr. Angerstein, and Mrs. G. Hoskins of London. Lord Abercorn's grand Tintoretto and Lord Harry Vane's growing collection surely deserved a note. The magnificent Annibale Carracci from Lucca, belonging to Speaker Denison, surrounded as it is by fine Spanish pictures, as well as those collected by Col. Baillie, are certainly too important to be passed over. On the other hand we welcome the fullness with which the critic bestows his notes on some of our greatest water-colour artists, especially the magnificent Catermoles, Müllers, and scenes by David Cox, in the keeping of Mr. Henderson. The purport of Art and its capacity are thoroughly understood by Dr. Waagen, and it is only to be lamented that he occasionally rushes on too fast to give—we quote his own words—"a certain verdict." Were he less of Sir Oracle he would suit all classes far better. It is, however, time that we should give the reader a specimen of the book itself *in extenso*, and we select a description which, from the vehement discussion that arose on the first display of the great picture by Paul Veronese, when purchased for the National Gallery the year before last, will be more than usually interesting. Dr. Waagen thus speaks of it:—

"Paul Veronese.—'The Adoration of the Kings,' inscribed with the date MDLXXIII. Here, as in 'The Marriage of Cana,' in the Louvre, and many other works by the master, the architecture occupies a principal part; so that the composition is confined to the lower portion of the picture. At the same time the composition is incomparably more artistic in arrangement, and more varied in the lines, than in either of the other two pictures of the same subject by the painter, known to me, in the Dresden Gallery,

and in Devonshire House. These two, which greatly resemble each other, are not, like the work before us, quadrangular in form, but more in the shape of a frieze, while the composition corresponds by assuming more the style of a bas-relief. On the other hand, the golden tones render them far more effective than this grey and coolly-treated picture. Nevertheless, however monotonous in general tone, the colours are here most delicately balanced. Thus the decided mass of a silvery tone, produced by the foremost king and the page on the one side, is agreeably balanced by the broken red of the Virgin's dress, and the orange colour of her mantle; while, on the other hand, the powerful crimson robe of the second king not only forms a happy contrast to the cool colouring of the first, but an excellent transition to the deep but transparent mass of shadow on the right side of the picture. The motives are very animated; the heads, as in general with this painter, decidedly realistic in character; and the treatment very broad. Seldom do we find a sky by Paul Veronese in which the line has been so well preserved—a circumstance which contributes much to the delicate keeping of the whole. The merits of this picture have been recognized by the most esteemed Venetian writers on art of all times. Boschini calls it 'il famosissimo quadro di mano di Paolo Veronese'; and Zanetti, in his enumeration of the works of the master, with the localities to which they belonged, thus mentions it: 'Un celebre quadro di Paolo, con la vianda de Re Magli. Bella e ricca composizione.' But there is no greater proof of the reputation this picture enjoyed in Venice than the fact of its having been engraved on copper by Carlo Sacchi in 1649. As the removal from the church in 1837 necessitated its being folded, the marks thus occasioned have had to be repaired. Small re-touches can also be discerned; but there is no sign of any larger over-paintings."

No doubt, by way of contrast, his remarks on 'Nelly O'Brien,' who burst upon Manchester this season, will be acceptable.—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds. — 'Portrait of Nelly O'Brien.' Taken quite in front, with a straw hat and black mantle, a reddish-coloured quilted dress, and an apron over it of a transparent material. The background is a dark landscape. To the knees. This picture may be considered a *tour de force* of the utmost skill after the manner of Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille*, in Sir Robert Peel's collection, for here also the head is in shadow, with strong reflected sunny light, which is treated with exquisite refinement and transparency. The rest of the picture, also, is of bright and harmonious colour, the landscape very powerful and juicy, and the whole a model of taste and complete mastery of the art. This was one of the pictures inherited by Lord Hertford."

The last great picture we quote, new also to the Art-world this year, is Sir Culling Eardley's superb Murillo, 'The Assumption of the Virgin.'—

"'The Assumption of the Virgin:' the Madonna, a noble and graceful figure in a white dress, finely relieved by her dark blue mantle, is soaring upwards upon a crescent, with her eyes fixed in ecstasy above. Although the individuality of the features indicates realistic taste, yet the head is of great purity and unusual elevation of character. Four cherubim are near the crescent, and four angels on the right, one of whom holds a palm, another an olive-branch, a third roses, and the fourth another flower; on the left, above, are two more angels, one holding up a lily. About 10 ft. high, 8 ft. wide. This picture is one of the most admirable of Murillo's many representations of this subject. The effect is striking and peculiar for this reason, that the Virgin's figure, which is kept in a delicate silvery tone, is seen in contrast to the warm but very broken tones of the surrounding glory, while the angels, in a clear, subdued, and delicately warm colour, partially resembling peach-blossom, form an agreeable transition between the two. At the same time the execution is very careful, and the white robes and intense blue of the mantle are modelled with masterly power."

We conclude our review with a list of the principal collections mentioned in this fourth volume. The British Museum: its additions and changes — The National Gallery — Lord Yarborough's pictures in Arlington Street — Marquis of Hertford's — the late Mr. Morrison's — Sir Charles Eastlake's — Lord Overstone's — The Duke D'Aumale's — Lady Warwick's, at Gatton Park — Lord Folkestone's — The Prince Consort's, at Kensington Palace — Lord Amherst's, Knole Park — Mr. Bankes's, Kingston Lacy — the Duke of Northumberland's, at Alnwick and Sion — the Duke of Newcastle's, at Clumber — the Duke of Portland's, at Welbeck, and additional Notes upon MSS. both at Sir John Soane's Museum and University College, Cambridge.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—On Wednesday last the British Gallery in Pall Mall was opened, to give the governors and subscribers of the institution the pleasure of inspecting the copies made by their students during the late recess. We much pity the misguided gentlemen who so kindly strip their galleries and dining-rooms under the benevolent feeling that they are benefiting Art by persuading two or three misguided young amateurs and half-a-dozen professional copiers

to put down on canvas their impressions of the agile grace of Teniers and the wise melancholy of Rembrandt. Is it to advance Art to turn Murillo's simplicity into coarseness, Gainsborough's sketchiness into slobber, Vandyke's gentlehood into stagery, Snyder's scattered look into chaos,—everything, in fact, bad into worse, everything foul into something fouler? Copying old masters can only be useful as teaching young men how to learn to study Nature as the old men did,—to paint as they did, massively, architecturally, faithfully, and patiently; but if it be only to learn how to stereotype Canaletti's ripples and Claude's barley-sugar sunshines, then let the curses of starving genius fall on all such patrons. In our brief notice of these reproductions we shall not stop to mention names, which such lifeless drudge-copying, so unloving and so worthless, can only render obscure; but shall review them in a batch, merely mentioning the fact that a copy of the Rembrandt by Mr. Fox, barring colour and expression, is the most laudable effort in the three rooms. It is at once, indeed, ludicrous and saddening to an earnest artist to see the miserable workmanship and cowardly, slurring haste with which these copyists have gone to work. There is Murillo's 'Virgin,' for instance, like an old hen surrounded by its dozen chickens of copies,—bad to worse, from oil to chalk, from pitiable to intolerable. Murillo has made his virgin peasant girl's eyes large, therefore all the copies gape and goggle,—the mouths fleshy and large, therefore the copies give us trap-doors,—the tumbling angels are laughing and careless, somewhat lavish of flesh, and exuberant of life, therefore our young friends give us carnal porpoises, churchwardens in November, and Bartholomew-Fair mermaids. Gainsborough's 'Dr. Johnson' is thoughtful, gentle, and abstracted: our young friends give us a drivelling twaddler, with fireless eyes and watering mouth. In his 'General Paoli,' who chaperoned our poor butt of a gossip, Boswell, through the chestnut woods of Corsica, Lawrence is for a moment almost as robust as Reynolds. The eyes sparkle under the grey fringed lashes; the touch of the carnations is firm and full, this is the very climax of the painter's strength. Love, gamble, paint, do what he will, he does his best this day:—but these copies right and left! What are these? Here is a soft film of crimson health, the very effluence of the blood. There is his dreadful fac-simile, as life-like as death is, brickdust and purple, yellow, and a white most horrible. Remove the monster, and bring up the soup. Nor do the vulgarities fare better in our young friends' hands. Here is a philosopher by Spagnoletto, black and yellow, head and hands, a black curtain and two spots. Now for the copy. Scarf up our eyes. So we pass through the whole range. On this wall is Gainsborough's wild, sketchy, and somewhat imaginative portrait of himself, with his brown ringlets; beside it, in ridiculous mockery, are a dozen mountebank zanies trying to ape his features. Then comes a family portrait by Reynolds—a noble mother and child, the style sketchy, but such sketchiness! The grey powder throws up the carnations, the eyes are beautifully clear, the attitudes natural, balanced, and refined. The copy is harsh, raw, and vulgar; and by the same rapid sort of inversion Canaletti's materialism grows into the dulllest truth, Guido's abandon into slovenliness, Hobbins's brownness into fog, Vandevelde's want of depth into the chiaroscuro of the sign-board. Gainsborough has conveyed to us for ever a sense of the pert beauty of the dancer Vestris, half Pierrot half barber; but who can retain a recollection of our young friends' copy of another man's copy of Nature? No good can come to Art from such helps as this. It is not the silver thread of Teniers, the black and yellow of Spagnoletto, the noble gravity of Vandyke, the wise manliness and peachiness of Reynolds, and the abandon of Gainsborough that we want revived; but rather talent like theirs, genius that can feed itself and wants no patron's fence—no Academy that nurses the quick mushroom spawn of mediocrity; but instead, thoughtful, far-seeing men, who will search out young and rising talent, let it alone, buy what it produces, throw down the ready cheque, and be thankful.

Messrs. Colnaghi have recently published a forcible and fine engraving of one of the lamented Delaroches fragmentary, but grand pictures, 'The Trial of Marie-Antoinette.' An anti-revolutionary spirit, yet one of even-handed justice, pervades the work. The painter sympathizes with the Austrian woman, the Madame Veto, the Messalina of the infamous songs of the Palais Royal; but he pleads for her so boldly, makes her so queenly a Niobe without her tears, that perforce we pass over to the painter's party. The gay, disrowned Queen is passing from the Revolutionary Tribunal,—the judge of which, distinguished by his scarf and cocked hat, sits stern, pitiless, and marble on the judgment-seat. Behind her, ruthless as Furies, press on the Grenadiers of Dumourier, grave and calm, silently approving the fate of the Austrian, who, when she entered Paris as a bride, was told that the crowd she met was thronged by 100,000 lovers. Terror, hatred, and pity surround her;—the Poissade shakes her wicked list at her and curses her with her toothless mouth. One beautiful *Fleur de Marie* alone watches her with wonder changing fast into love:—her innocent eyes are strained to watch the unflinching courage of this Una in the den of lions. The careless soldier, the methodical *grefier*, the ruthless judge, all enhance our pity for the Queen—the victim of an earthquake. Her plain hair, the simple handkerchief knotted round her neck, heighten the effect and complete the impression. A real portrait, more frivolous and less Greek and tragical, would have made the reality greater, but the picture less perfect.

We are glad to find that the Society of Arts is willing to take up the question of artistic copyright. The Chairman of the Council, in his inaugural discourse, on Wednesday, said:—"The Council feel also that the Society might render considerable benefit to Art if it would take in hand the equitable adjustment of the law of copyright in Art-production. First, by collecting proper information on all matters connected with this important subject; and, secondly, by bringing all its influence to bear in order to a thorough settlement of the whole question. As it is, these laws are most unequal, affording protection in some cases and utterly neglecting others, and thus inflicting serious injury on the purchasers of Art as well as upon the artist. Prints and engravings enjoy a tolerable degree of protection under the 8 Geo. 2, extended and enforced under the 7th and 17th of George 3rd, but still requiring much revision. Sculpture enjoys some degree of protection under the 38th of George 3rd, and under the 54th of the same king, as well as some also under the recent Act for the registration of designs. But the painter has no protection, as has been shown but too fully by many recent transactions, as in the injury done to Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Linnell. It appears that any person may make and sell a copy of any picture that has passed out of the artist's hands; or even if the copy has been surreptitiously made while the picture was in his possession, he has no means of preventing the sale of it. Moreover, any such copy may be engraved without his consent, and the artist has no remedy, neither can he control the sale: or his picture may be photographed, and either retailed by this means, or by means of engraving from the photograph; so that when once his picture has left his own secure custody, he has no legal means of enforcing any claim he may have reserved as to the right of engraving it, or any protection by which the benefits arising from his own mental labour is secured to him."—Where now is Mr. Robertson Blaine? Here is the co-operation which he seeks, and which the Royal Academy denies.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA. The First Subscription Concert of the Season NEXT FRIDAY, November 27. Haydn's SERVICE, No. 3, Mendelssohn's LAUDA SION, and Spohr's LAST JUDGMENT. Vocalists: Madame Rüderdorff, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss, with Orchestra of 700 Performers.—Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 10s. 6d. are now ready. Subscriptions for Reserved Seats, Two Guineas; for Stalls, Three Guineas, at the Society's Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall.

This fugitive No.—No. Suisse, Op. 25 Here a which out of writer own,—to emu appear agreea Roman task a practi the th the It neyed to all they o the fu or rat that t Ron Sutto aive, Scult and e ducti fully musi to his of th as th CH Nos. for t Stud Ema thes Agn mus not cate the mor littl men who shot now oug can Kle MS of v by T & C and pia bet not an de ma to tet th M E sc we be so as m re m T f n e

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

This week we will endeavour to clear off the fugitive pianoforte music of the past season:—

No. 1, *Romances sans Paroles*,—No. 2, *Celestina*,—No. 3, *Le Corricolo*, Op. 23,—No. 1, *Vallée Suisse*,—No. 2, *Bella Notte*,—No. 3, *La Ziza*, Op. 25. By Renaud de Vilbac. (Schott & Co.)—Here are six short movements for the pianoforte, which are more pleasant and elegant than ninety out of one hundred productions of the kind. Their writer has simple and agreeable fancies of his own,—makes no pretensions to deep science, nor to emulate any other man's style,—and gives out, apparently without much effort, music exceedingly agreeable to play, and to listen to. No. 1, the *Romance*, is the best number of Op. 23, and will task any player's delicacy sufficiently to make its practice interesting. The same may be said of all the three numbers of Op. 25, two of which are in the Italian style, yet, strange to say, are not hackneyed. M. de Vilbac's music may be recommended to all pianists moderately accomplished, provided they do not demand "the flat ninth," or a coda in the *fugato* style, or something very transcendental or rather ugly,—by way of showing to the world that they have souls above prettiness.

Rondo Cavatina, *Morceau de Salon*, Op. 15, (Dover, Sutton, & Potter), and *Augusta, une Mélodie Expressive*, Op. 22, (Ewer & Co.), are signed Wilhelm Seultches. There is generally something tasteful and elegant in this gentleman's music,—the introduction to the 'Rondo' and the entire 'Melody' fully bearing out our epithets. What is more, this music cannot be studied without the student adding to his knowledge of the special graces and powers of the pianoforte. The finger is flattered as well as the ear.

Chant des Sirènes,—*Danse des Lutins*, Op. 21, Nos. 1 and 2,—*Five Canons and a Two-part Fugue for the Pianoforte*, intended as a Preparation for the Study of the earliest Works of Sebastian Bach. By Emanuel Aguilar. (Wessel & Co.)—The first of these compositions makes it evident that M. Aguilar has been studying the amenities of music to good profit. His 'Siren Song,' if not so entrancing as befits its name, is a delicate movement, calling for some coquetry on the part of the player. His 'Goblin Waltz' is more practical and less supernatural.—The six little studies which make up the third work here mentioned are well intentioned,—but the musician who would be gentleman-usher to Sebastian Bach should be more than this. Canons and Fugues, if now to be written, even "for the use of schools," ought to be interesting as well as exact,—such canons as Clementi wrote, and Clementi's pupil, Klengel. What, by the way, has become of the MSS. left by the last-named Professor, the value of which was known to be something extraordinary by all who care curiously for the pianoforte?

The *Étude Mazurka*, Op. 55, F. Friedrich (Ewer & Co.), which bears a name new to us, is slight and trite.—M. Rubinstein's *Melody in F*, for the piano (Ewer & Co.), deserves the title of "Study" better than its predecessor,—since the air (which is not of particular interest) is shut up betwixt treble and bass in the tenor part of the instrument, not developed,—and unless the player command such mastery, temperance, and fullness of tone, as belongs to the Rubinstains more largely than to the amateurs of the pianoforte, the listener will seek for the 'Melody' in vain.

Prelude et Impromptu, pour le Piano, Op. 37,—*Mes Adieux à Fanchette, Impromptu*, Op. 38. By E. Silas. (Cramer & Co.)—These may be described as more robust in style than the pieces which have just been commended,—but, like the best of them, good, because their writer has had something to say. The Prelude will be found useful as a study of *appoggiato* accompaniment to a free melody, divided betwixt the two hands. There is real humour in the subject of the *allegretto*, a movement that any player might like to play with. The second Impromptu, 'Mes Adieux,' may be found less interesting, because the theme is less natural and distinct,—but it is still superior to the common run of pianoforte compositions.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The performance of 'The Creation' on Wednesday evening was very good, Mdlle. de Villar confirming the favourable impression she made at former concerts. Mr. Thomas was *basso* during the first two acts; in the third, together with Miss Messent, who sang very well, a younger *basso*, Mr. Santley, made his first appearance in London. An appearance of greater promise we do not recollect. His voice is a very fine one, of sufficient compass, and with a certain brightness of quality rare among English *bassi*. It has obviously been carefully trained. Mr. Santley, too, sang with the steadiness and expression of a complete musician; and well deserved the thorough success which he gained.

CONCERTS AND THEIR CURIOSITIES.

If any one in the three kingdoms has felt greater joy at the downfall of Delhi than M. Jullien (a fact to be questioned), no one has turned it to such instant profit as he. The programme of his new Quadrille in its august fustian outtrivalled a certain *cantata* on 'The Death of Abercrombie,' one line of which, commemorating—

Kings who sleep in pyramic pride,

still haunts our memory. The quadrille itself is said to be based on Hindoo melodies, and contains the one well-known Eastern tune which has some form or sweetness. The rest is mere noise and nonsense,—either monstrous after the fashion of china monstrosity, or heroic enough to affront the pair of ears best annealed to abide assault and battery. Then, by chance or by engagement, Lady Havelock was present on the first night,—and was pointed out, and cheered, as *his* wife should be. Need the result be stated,—a nightly case of "unutterable cram"! But need we point out further, that M. Jullien's 'Illustrated Catastrophes of Europe and Conquests of the British Lion' is not a music book?—and that such praise as he had earned, as one who has brought forward some good productions as well as many bad ones, seems less and less to be his due; while his public seems less and less tolerant of anything short of Bengal lights and cannons fired, and the "double-double-double beat of the thundering drum"—Till this Delhi business could be brought to bear, his *Promenade Concerts*, this year, were in a pining state.

In truth, the question of popular music at the time present is full of perplexity to those who look to what is real in art as alone worth popularizing or enjoying. The National Hall, in Holborn, has been rebuilt, and is now a superb room, laid out for a better style of entertainment than used to prevail there,—a legitimate balance to the attractions of *Canterbury Hall*, across Westminster Bridge. Then we have before us the Report for the past year of those who maintained Sunday Music in the Parks; and bills for the *Monday Concerts for the People at St. Martin's Hall*, which have been resumed,—this resumption proving that life exists in them, provided that tolerable music can be given to the audience, which must imply not paid for, so far as many of the artists are concerned.—The weekly concerts at the *Colosseum* have been re-commenced.—All this looks busy, if not cheering. Take, on the other hand, such facts as these,—that there are not, at present, in England singers sufficient to do the work of England, or else, who gain enough to make it worth their while to remain in England all the year round; and that never was it more difficult than at the present period to get a hearing for new music, or a publisher for any important work. Had we not long felt convinced that our art in its influences, in its vicissitudes, and in its culture resembles no other art, we might despair when such a tangle of contradictions as this is set before us to unthread and to explain. As matters stand, the signs of growth and gain are so capricious in their appearing, and so various in their value, that but for some such conviction we might join the groaners who declare that "All is vanity,"—or echo the still worse cry of those affected folk, corrupted (not ripened) by foreign travel, who, blind and deaf to foreign deficiencies and nuisances, lip out that "nothing, after all, is to be made of England."

To continue the chapter of discrepancies.—It seems perversely agreed that at this time of year there is no getting a concert-audience together in London. Propose a Symphony and a Pianoforte Concerto once a week to any one wishing to turn an honest penny in a morning by opening the Hanover Square Rooms, and the answer will be "No! no one will come!"—"What will you give?"—"Who will you get to play?" It is fair to assume that some experience goes to these questions and answers; yet the music-room at the *Crystal Palace* was full this day week, to hear a Symphony by Haydn, also a Concerto by Mozart, performed by Miss Goddard in that lady's best fashion. Mr. C. Braham was the singer. If the hundreds of ladies and gentlemen present found the Symphony a bore and the Concerto "slow," they sat still, and did not emit such heresies,—but gave the music and our best English female pianist a well-merited reception. Now why, in order to enjoy an hour and a half of music so good as this, so interesting and so well prepared, the nobodies who happen to be in London in November must go out to Sydenham, is a question which we fancy it would puzzle any one to answer, save by the cuckoo reply of "It can't be done,"—which means that the thing has never been tried with intelligence and patience. The facts glanced at in the above sketch of what is going on just now,—taken in conjunction with other reports of the week, are worth consideration by all who care for music in England.

ADELPHI.—On Monday Mr. Webster made his first appearance this season, and signalized the event by the production of an elaborate drama in three acts, with costly accessories and scenery, showing the importance attributed by the management to the occasion. The drama itself was, of course, a French importation; no other, in fact, than 'La Légende de l'Homme sans Tête,'—a work produced three months since at the Ambigu-Comique. Of this, Mr. Webster has himself given us a somewhat rough translation, but in his manner of placing it on the boards, has bestowed more than usual care. It is clear that he had anticipated a triumph,—but "life is of a mingled yarn," and unexpected events will happen.

Notwithstanding the preference shown, by modern managers, for the prose drama, and general aversion for the poetical in form, they are not infrequently fascinated by the fantastic in subject and story, when issued under the imprimatur of some Parisian playwright, and, their imagination once excited, will go to no end of expense in decoration, to commend the foreign monster to British tastes. It is generally found expedient, however, to modify the incidents and recast the language, to ensure acceptance for the adopted and adapted drama with our fastidious and sometimes capricious audiences. Mr. Webster has, in the present instance, neglected to do this; and will, in all probability, have to pay the penalty for his haste and inadvertence. And, after all, of pieces like this, the grain is exceedingly coarse; and, taking the fancy in the gross, without the moral refinement imparted to the faculty and the material by the co-presence of the poetical element, the result is generally a compound of vulgar humours eccentrically exhibited, and unrelieved by those amenities with which true Art gracefully veils the wilder and more abrupt points of a romantic theme. Far better were it to encourage the modern English poet, in those dramatic flights in which our old writers occasionally indulged, when they projected Sad and Faithful Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and visioned Tempests, and Midsummer Night's Dreams on the stage; and thus reserve expensive spectacle for the embodiment of arguments more subtle in their nature, or more extravagant in their conception, than are usually ventured on the boards. However wild, extravagant, or rude in the idea, the form of such creations should be as elegant as may be; and this the poetical spirit, to the utmost possible extent, ensures. But such high notions, interpreted by a prosaic mind, must necessarily be wanting in beauty.

These principles are inversely illustrated by the progress and result of the drama now under

notice. *Carl Blitzen*, a student of Heidelberg, of predatory habits (Mr. Webster), imparts to *Nickel Blok*, his fellow-student (Mr. Wright), the secret that he has lately perceived in himself a new power—that of attracting whom he will within the circle of his influence. This mesmeric agency he proceeds to exert on *Christine* (Madame Celeste), the affianced of *Count Wilhelm de Valberg* (Mr. Billington), and compels her to waltz away with him, much to the annoyance of the Hungarian noble. Carl also determines to waylay the carriage of the Count, at the Ravine of the Old Stone Cross, and to carry off the lady; but, in making the attempt, he is arrested, and conveyed to prison. Now, Carl has become an object of intense interest to one *Doctor Neiden* (Mr. Charles Selby), who has attained the age of 113 years, and wrung from nature many of her occult secrets. He desires to experiment on a body so healthy as that of Carl, and purchases the right of it from its owner, while in prison under sentence of death. Carl meant to make use of the money to secure his rescue, but in this he is defeated by the Count de Valberg, and in due course is beheaded. Doctor Neiden has then possession of the body and the head. Science is triumphant, and both are re-united. The man lives, breathes, walks, desires, and goes forth into the world again in the pursuit of pleasure. He follows Count Wilhelm and his bride to their castle—arrives at the moment of the nuptial ceremony—troubles and terrifies, by his resemblance to the late decapitated culprit, the Countess and her guests—ultimately has a duel with the Count, whom he kills, and then spirits away the lady, whom he would compel to his wishes, but that the ghost of the Count always stands between him and his object. He attempts in vain to kill the spectre, and finally stabs Christine in error. Carl is then seized on by the Grey Man of the Hartz Mountain, a mysterious demon who has haunted the scene from the beginning,—and descends to the infernal regions. Meanwhile, a circle of light is expanded in the background, and the soul of Christine rises in visible apotheosis. And on this tableau the curtain falls.

These last scenes are little to the taste of the English public, but dissatisfaction began to be felt with the previous portions of the final act. The defect lay in the want of force and variety in the dialogue, and of signification in the general action. True poetry and some real philosophy were needed to elevate and interpret the scientific incident that serves for motive to the action. For this, there was substituted nothing but "bald, disjointed chat," unsatisfactory and irritating to the last degree. The audience had "longed long," like *Ophelia*, to express disapprobation, and eagerly seized the opportunity at length afforded by the preternatural catastrophe. Mr. Webster was, of course, considerably amazed; and, in addressing the audience, attributed their displeasure to the mechanical difficulties in getting up so extensive a piece in a small theatre, and which he hoped to overcome on subsequent performances. But, as our readers will have perceived, the evil is more deeply seated.

PRINCESS'S.—A new piece was also produced at this theatre on the same evening, in the shape of a farce, entitled 'A Case of Conscience,' and adapted from a production by MM. Monnier and Martin, at the Palais Royal, two years ago, called 'As-tu tué le Mandarin?' This, too, is a fantastic piece in its way,—but founded on casuistry, not diablerie. Mr. Clamber (Mr. David Fisher) is troubled by a problem which he finds printed on a fragment of paper, taken from the works of Rousseau, in which a doubt is expressed, whether, if by touching a spring in Europe a man could occasion the death of a Mandarin in China, and inherit his wealth, without incurring suspicion of murder, the temptation to commit it would not be too strong for even the most moral to resist! This question so excites the imagination of Clamber, whose circumstances are straitened, that he seeks to realize the possibility, and, at last, imagines that the bell-knob of the door of his own chamber is

the spring of communication between London and Peking. On touching it, a pocket-book, containing 5,000*l.* in notes, falls at his feet. Astounded at this coincidence, he is, nevertheless, desirous, guided by certain initials, of restoring the book to its supposed owner,—but that person, preoccupied with other matters, rejects his advances. He, therefore, deposits the money with a stockbroker, to speculate for a rise in the market. And then the true proprietor of the note-book turns up; fortunately, however, the stocks have meantime risen, and the cash is returned with additions, which enables Clamber to repay the involuntary loan, and to propose for the hand of a *Miss Stokes* with the usual success. Mr. Fisher acted the part with an appropriate mock seriousness; and the little drama was deservedly successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—When Mr. Husk's pleasant collections, with regard to Cecilian Festivals, were reviewed, we called attention to his inadvertence as to what passed in Paris on the Saint's-day of the Protectress of Music. This year, we read, that, besides the annual Mass in the Church of *Saint-Eustache*, and besides the production of 'Elijah' for the first time, by the *Société des Jeunes Artistes*, the Saint was to be commemorated at Versailles on Thursday, by the performance of a mass by M. Halévy, for male voices only, accompanied by organ and harps.

The last week's musical "doings" in Paris are small in amount—being the trial of a tenor, M. Dumestre, in 'Guillaume Tell,' and the appearance of Mdlle. St-Urbain, at the Italian Opera, in 'La Traviata.' The lady is said to have confirmed the first favourable impression made by her, but the opera seems, to their credit, totally distasteful to the Parisians.

When we alluded to the indelicate haste with which the calamities of sickness attacking these before the public are now thrust into print with exaggerations, we had other examples in view, besides that of Signor Lablache. A month ago (to instance), the Parisian journals were bewailing M. Gounod as lost to his art for a long period, owing to a sudden seizure. How premature was such regret, and how gratuitous were all details, we gather from the *Gazette Musicale* of this week, which not only announces the cast of his coming comic opera founded on 'Le Médecin malgré lui,' at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, but mentions a green-room reading by him of 'Ivan le Terrible,'—a grand work—at the *Grand Opéra*.

The death-day of Mendelssohn has been solemnized in music, as usual, by a concert at Leipzig, and at Berlin by a performance of his oratorio 'St. Paul,' which his countrymen continue, apparently, to prefer to 'Elijah.'

'Columella' has failed to draw "the town" to the *Opera Buffa*. For the second work, presented at *St. James's Theatre*, Donizetti's 'Campanello,' the Italian troupe proved insufficient; and for *prima donna*, a young foreign lady must needs be tried, who has taken singing lessons in London,—where she has been born and bred—but has not learnt experience on the stage. Surely, this is meagre provision for the pleasure of a subscription-audience, made up of "persons" (to adopt *Lady Wishfort's* designation). Such an opera would have been thought dear in any Milanese or Venetian minor theatre, where private boxes, to hold eight, may be had for something like ten shillings English. On Tuesday was given 'Crispino e Comare' by the Brothers Ricci. The opera itself—easily written for the voices, and coarsely scored for the orchestra—might pass as a trifle of the moment, just fit for fashionable digestion, were it lightly played and neatly sung, by comic artists. As matters stand, neither farce nor music stand much chance. Signor Carrione, the *buffo*, may have drollery shut up in him, but we cannot imagine what it is, or where it lies. There is many a street tragedian at Chiozza—many a *Dulcamara* who figures on the *Riva dei Schiavoni* at Venice, thrice as intelligible, thirty times as funny, as the party in question,—whose want of voice and of vocal training make his doleful bustle doubly obtrusive

in comic opera. We can hardly think that Signor Carrione can have belonged to any musical theatre of Italy. The best of the company, as it stands, is Signor Georgetti, a *tenorino*, with a pleasing voice, who sings like one having some culture and feeling. Every one concerned does, we doubt not, the best that *she* or *he* can do. It may be feared that the foreign players and singers, who have been lured hither, will be disappointed;—it is certain, that when they go home they may inveigh against English phlegm or stupidity, and want of knowledge of art,—but when we think of the dozens of English players and singers, only inferior to these because they are more conscious of their inferiority, it becomes impossible to hold back one iota of the truth as regards an entertainment laid out for the inhabitants of St. Giles's—but St. James's parish.

MISCELLANEA

Littlecote.—The reasons for believing the Littlecote tragedy to be one of real life are, I fear, too strong to allow of any doubt being entertained on this subject. Some years ago an elaborate statement of the case was supplied to Walter Scott by a friend, which any one may now read under the head of the tenth note to the fifth canto of 'Rokeby.' The same note contains, also, a pleasant description of the old manor-house. The story, as told in the notes to 'Rokeby,' so far disagrees with Aubrey's account of the matter, that whereas Aubrey states that the woman was able to prove her case against Darell by recollecting the height of the room and the distance of the house from her own home, Sir Walter's informant relates that the crime was detected by means of the woman having cut out a piece of the bed-curtain and sown it in again, and also by the precaution which she took to count the number of the stairs which led up to the bed-chamber. It is stated on the same authority, that "in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of this story." Littlecote Hall is two miles from Hungerford. A branch of the same family (Darell) has long flourished at Cale Hill, near Charing, in Kent. They are Roman Catholics.—I am, &c., H. H. C.

Scene of Gray's 'Elegy.'—I cannot resist correcting the most singular mistake into which Mr. Brent has fallen in supposing that the statement to which he alludes has anything whatever to do with the 'Elegy.' I have now three editions of Gray's works before me,—Mason's, Mitford's, and one published by Harding in the year 1825,—in all of which the 'Ode to the Spring' stands first, the 'Elegy' following far in the rear; and in the last of these three editions I find the following:—"It may indeed be doubted whether Mr. Gray anticipated so rapid a decline as that which Mr. West was undergoing,—but leaving town at the commencement of June, he despatched from Stoke the 'Ode to Spring,' which he had then just written, and which stands first in the order of his printed works."—Vol. I. p. 34. Allow me, Sir, further to state, in connexion with the present controversy, that some years ago, then a resident in Canterbury, I heard it there stated that Thanington Churchyard was reported to be the scene of the 'Elegy.' I mention this to show that the claim now made in behalf of that spot is not altogether a new one, though now for the first time perhaps made public. Perhaps in some future number your correspondent "Sempronius" will give us the benefit of the names of the "five hundred other rural churchyards" to which the curfew mark is applicable. I should like to visit a few of them.

Nov. 4.

Yours, &c. LONDINIENSIS.

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